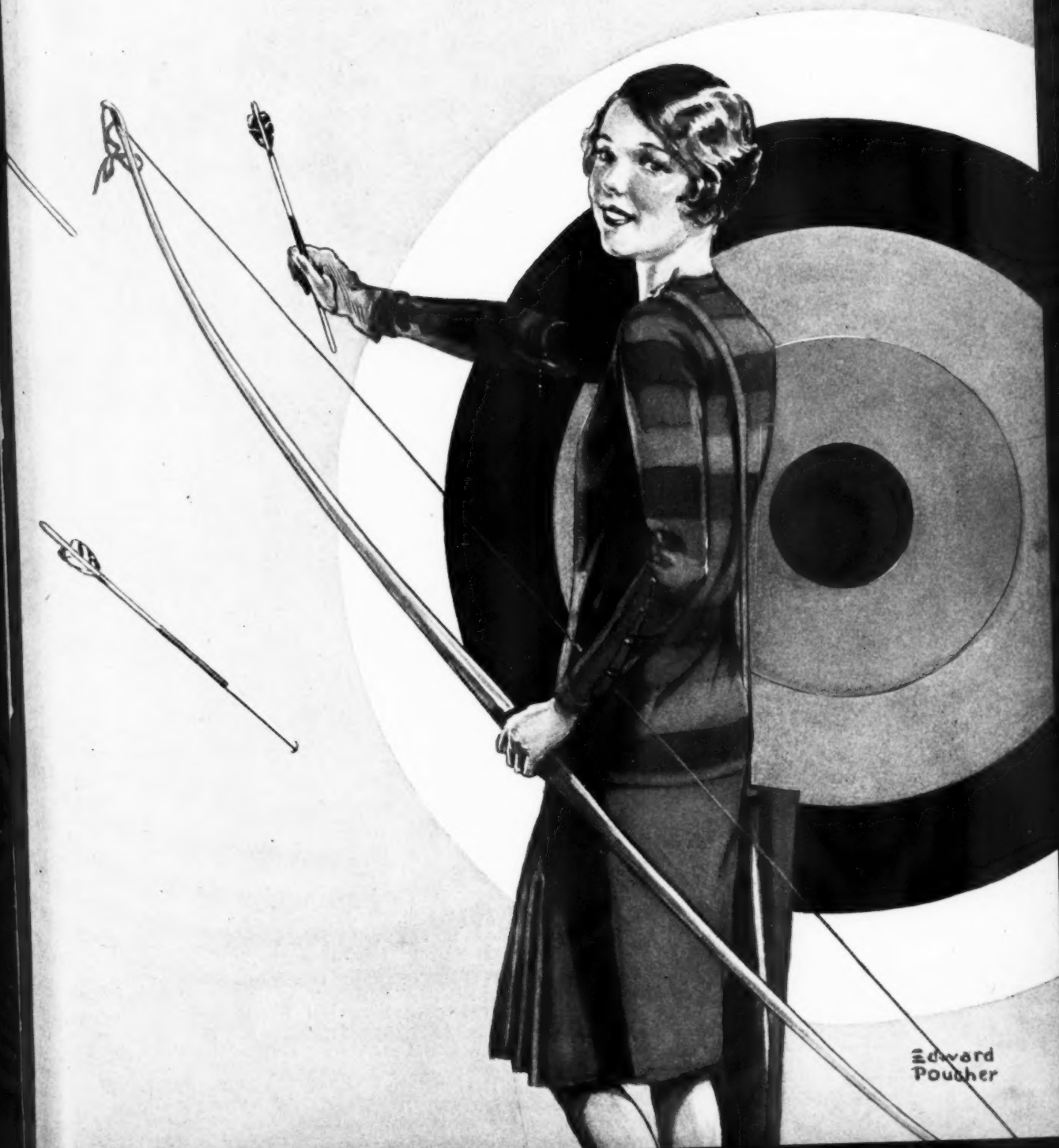


The American Girl

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

JUNE

1929



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**The Juliette Low
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How well acquainted are you with the story of Juliette Low, the vivid warm-hearted woman who brought Girl Scouting to the United States? Because she was the kind of woman that most Girl Scouts would like to have known, the Juliette Low Prize Essay Contest opened last month and is now in full swing.

The subject of the essay is "Why I should like to have known Juliette Low," and fifty dollars in prizes will be given. The prizes are \$20, \$10, and \$5 in addition to some glory. The contest, open to all readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL, is divided into two groups—one includes girls over eighteen years of age, and the other, girls under eighteen. The winning essay in the first group will bring a prize of \$20 and will be published in *The Girl Scout Leader* next fall, and the winning essay in the second group will bring a prize of \$10 and will appear in a fall issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL. Second prizes are \$10 in the first group, and two prizes of \$5 each in the second group.

You will find material on Mrs. Low's life in her recently published biography, called *Juliette Low and the Girl Scouts*, and articles about her have appeared in THE AMERICAN GIRL. Or you may interview people who knew Mrs. Low.

All entries must be mailed before midnight of August 31, 1929.

The judges are: Mrs. Arthur Osgood Choate, Mrs. Frederick Edey, Mrs. Julius Barnes, Mrs. Louis Burlingham and Mrs. Wayne MacPherson.

EDITOR'S NOTE: "Well, of All Things!" will be back in this column next month. In the meantime, tell us how you like the serial story, "Carmella Commands."

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Girls who keep the MAN O'WAR Diary this summer will have an interesting record of all their experiences. There is a page to record daily camp events as well as special places for your photo, your friends' autographs, hikes, canoe trips, camp plays and camp fires. You will also profit by the swimming and health hints printed in your MAN O'WAR Diary. So don't forget to send for it—TODAY.



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A. G. 6



Along the Editor's Trail

JUNE is the time for budding ambitions as well as for roses and lilacs. Perhaps it is the feeling of commencement in the air that sets people to making plans. Everyone who graduates has to think of the future, whether that future means going on to high school or boarding school or college, or whether it means choosing a career.

It's fun to make a map of your life for, say, the next ten years, and to trace on it the road that you will take. But the path should be wide enough to include some of the beauty and adventure you will find along the way.

Planning for the future is very much like planning a trip. You may take the quickest, straightest route there is, and arrive breathless at your destination, or you may travel a little more slowly and gather impressions as you go.

I know three girls who went abroad last summer. They decided that England and France and Holland and Switzerland should be their goals, and allotted time for each. But they stopped a little longer than they had intended at Montreux because they loved it, and a little shorter time in

Paris because it was very hot, and they went to charming English villages that they hadn't planned to see at all, because they didn't know they existed until they got there. In fact, they saw most of the famous places that all travelers mention. But they took time, as well, to wander in interesting byways that weren't written about in the guide books and to find scenes and places for themselves. And they enjoyed their trip all the more because they had left room for the unexpected things.

"I want to be an artist," you say, or, "I want to study chemistry." Then you draw a line on the map of your future that will take you through art school or college and into a career.

And this is just what you should do. You can't possibly get anywhere without planning and working. But there are things waiting for you besides art and chemistry and pedagogy—lovely things, poetry and music and friendship and the thrill that comes with the first blossoms. These, as well, will come to you along your path, wherever it may lead, if only you leave room for them and are alert for unexpected bits of beauty and adventure.

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MARGARET MOCHRIE, *Editor*
PAULINE STEINBERG, *Assistant Editor*

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SEA SHELL

By AMY LOWELL

Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
Sing me a song, oh, please!
A song of ships, and sailor men,
And parrots, and tropical trees,

Of islands lost in the Spanish Main
Which no man ever may find again,
Of fishes and corals under the waves,
And sea-horses stabled in great green caves.

Sea Shell, Sea Shell,
Sing of the things you know so well.

*From "A Dome of Many-Colored Glass"
published by Houghton Mifflin Company*



THE AMERICAN GIRL

The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

Margaret Mochrie, Editor

June, 1929

By JANE ABBOTT

Theodora's Test

*The medal, the dance,
commencement, a sur-
prising discovery—
they all came at
once to her in June*

GLENDAL High was gathered in the auditorium for the announcement of the Meredith Award. Flowers and flags decked the platform, the faculty sat in a straight row, their feet neatly placed, Mr. Paugh, the principal, wore his swallow-tail coat, and Stephen Meredith, the donor of the award, benign and fat, occupied the armchair.

To make the occasion the more impressive there would be a program of music, lusty singing of the school song and the senior song, and Jennie Talsma would sing solos in her thin, high soprano. And then Mr. Stephen Meredith would speak.

For ten years he'd given the award to the boy and girl of each successive senior class voted on by faculty and student body as leading in scholarship. The award was a gold medal on a blue ribbon, and five hundred dollars a year toward expenses and tuition at college.

Theodora Janeway, taking her seat with the other girls, felt goose-pimples shivering over her. She had every reason in the world to believe she'd won the award—each of the Zeta Alphas had vowed on her sorority honor to get five votes for her outside the society—but she couldn't be sure. And there was the faculty—if Mademoiselle Petti was having one of her spells of indigestion when it met, she was likely as not to vote against her! Theo had thought that, when Miss Thompson, the Latin teacher, patted her arm this morning, it had meant she'd won it, for Miss Thompson didn't bestow pats often—but maybe all it had meant was that Miss Thompson was sorry for her!

*Illustrations by
Nancy Fay*



"Well, Mother—look!" And Theo pointed to the shining medal

The program had begun, but Theodora heard nothing of it. Her thoughts were going in a circle. If she won—well, that would end Dad's and Mother's talk of her going to the Glendale College, so new that it didn't have even a song! With five hundred dollars a year they could afford to send her to State. And the honor, too, they'd have to consider that. Imagine anyone with the Meredith Award just going a few blocks further than the high school and calling it college! It was unthinkable. But, oh, she wasn't sure of the award!

She glanced furtively over at Deane Andrews where he sat with the boys. Deane appeared at perfect ease. But then

Deane didn't have to worry. He'd been marked for the honor in his freshman year. Everyone, students and faculty adored him. He—he looked like Lindbergh! No one ever played football like him. Just looking at him now and thinking that in a week Deane Andrews would go out of the school forever must make everyone sad.

And, looking at Deane, Theodora wondered irreverently, if, maybe, *if* she won the award, *if* Deane took anyone—he always went stag everywhere—if he might not take *her* to the Commencement Dance. It would be so fitting—the two acclaimed leaders. She'd wear her new dress, white chiffon, and the string of crystals which she was hinting and praying that her mother might give her for a commencement gift. She shut her eyes the better to hold the picture of going to the dance with Deane Andrews, in the soft cloudy white of the new dress and the crystals. Moonlight and mist! Deane, with his fair curly head, so like Lindbergh's, bending above hers, and every girl in the room envying her—

Mr. Paugh's voice introducing Mr. Stephen Meredith brought her sharply out of her dream.

"We are assembled today—Mr. Stephen Meredith needs no introduction to anyone in Glendale or this school—" and much more, and then Mr. Stephen Meredith pulled his great bulk out of the armchair which had not been built for bankers and lifted a pudgy hand in a genial gesture of appreciation for the loud applause.

Mr. Stephen Meredith always said the same thing at these announcements—"What this world of ours needs is leaders." He'd said that the four years Theodora had heard him. Mr. Paugh always nodded his head vigorously to forestall any tittering over the slight lapse in grammar. (It didn't matter when it was a banker like Stephen Meredith.) Mr. Paugh nodded now and made a little clapping motion of the hands to lead the school body. When the applause ended, Mr. Meredith repeated it. "What this world needs is leaders. Boys and girls to go out and blaze new trails. We're not through pioneering, not by a long shot. I reckon the woods is thicker now than it was in Daniel Boone's day, only it isn't trees we've got to find our way through." Theodora remembered how, in her freshman year, Miss Mabel had elucidated that for the English class. Mr. Meredith told his two stories and the school body laughed uproariously and clapped and stamped until Mr. Paugh shook his head. And then Theodora saw the banker take a slip of paper from his pocket. Her heart stopped beating. "—it is my pleasure to announce the names of the leaders who will go out from this school this year to carry on the traditions of loyalty and service to their fellowmen which they have exercised during their academic tutelage." (It was well known in Glendale that Mr. Meredith's wife had written that.)

"Miss Theodora Janeway and Mr. Deane Andrews." At last the announcement was out.

The walls of the room fairly rocked under the thunder of applause. With it pulsing against her ears, Theo walked up on the platform with Deane Andrews to receive the gold medals. Deane rather shyly inclined his head and muttered: "I thank you," but Theo smiled prettily up into Mr. Stephen Meredith's face and then added a little bow to the faculty and to the student body—after all, they were the ones who'd voted.

The hours that followed this public presentation

were like nothing else in her experience. Everyone wanted to get near her and congratulate her. The Zetas hugged her and hugged her again and laughed and even wept and Theo laughed and wept and hugged them back. And and Delta Mus—whom the Zetas called the Me-ows—hugged her and wept a little, too. And while some were hugging, others pressed close around and looked and looked at her as if they saw her transfigured.

Then there came a moment sweeter than any of the others—when she met Miss Thompson in the corridor outside the Latin room. The adoration she had held for Miss Thompson in her freshman year and which had endured in a somewhat milder degree through Cicero and Virgil swept over her. Miss Thompson caught her two hands and held them tight. "Theo—there isn't any girl in the school I'd rather see win this! But, my dear, my dear, the test is living up to such an honor."

Theo felt tears well in her eyes. "I'll try to," she answered in a properly humble voice. She really did feel humble—for the instant, and her voice betrayed it.

But the peak of the day was reached when, at dismissal, girls and boys crowded around Theo and Deane on the wide steps of the school and cheered them. It just naturally drew the two together. She was more conscious of her proximity to Deane than of the acclaim. She gulped, as if she were going to have the hiccoughs. When he took hold of her elbow with an embarrassed, "Let's get out of this," she felt her knees wobble.

Deane lived in the opposite direction from her home. But—unbelievably—he turned with her. He didn't say much for a little while. Then he gave a soft "Whew!" He looked at her shyly from the corner of his eyes. Theo caught the glance and stored it away for treasure in the future.

"Gosh—it's hard to believe we've only got one more week in the old school," he ventured.

"Isn't it?" But that was a



Everyone wanted to get near her and congratulate her

stupid answer. She bit her lips, vexed at her dullness. "Can't say I'm sorry, though. College looks pretty good to me."

"I'll say it does." And that was flat.

They walked half a block without a word. "Oh, please, please say something about the dance," she prayed.

"Commencement won't seem much—after today," she managed.

"It sure won't." She didn't get anywhere with that lead. If anything happened it must happen before they passed five elm trees between the corner and her walk.

She drew a quick desperate breath. "Going to the dance? But, of course you are—you're on the committee." One tree.

"I'm not strong on the whoopees, but I s'pose I've got to go." Two trees.

"It will be an awful crush. I'm not keen on it, either, but I s'pose we do have to go." The fifth tree.

She scarcely answered his brief goodbye. She wanted to cry—why ever had she said that to him! With the misty dress all done except for one fitting and the crystals that were to be like moonlight almost assured, now—because—Mother wouldn't have the heart to refuse her hints after she'd won the Meredith Award—she'd let Deane

Andrews think she didn't care about the dance!

Theo walked slowly up the walk to her front

door. She tried to recapture the exalted mood she had known at school for her mother's benefit. Mother had said once it would be "nice" if she won the Meredith Award—but that maybe she didn't really deserve it, for things came so easily to her, she never had to study to get high marks and she just naturally played basketball and hockey well! Mother thought people only ought to get awards when they'd worked hard for things. But then Mother always thought of everything in an old-fashioned way! Probably now all she'd say when she looked at the medal would be: "Don't lose it, Theo." Mother fussed much more over losing buttons and gloves and rubbers and pins and things like that than she did over big things—well, like the Holy Grail.

Theo went through the kitchen and dining room into the sewing room where she knew her mother'd be. Mrs. Janeway sat in a low rocker in the bay window, darning. She lifted a smile to Theo's coming.

"Well, Mother—look!" And Theo walked up to her, her finger pointing to the shining medal on her breast.

"You won it, did you? I'm glad, darling." The wooden darning egg fell with a clatter and rolled across the floor and Theo went after it so that she did not see the kindling of her mother's face.

Only briefly Theo told of the morning's program. Her mother laughed, a little more excitedly than was her wont, although Theo didn't notice that. "He said the same things, did he? Isn't that funny!"

Theo did not tell of the wonderful feelings she had had all day, and after a little while she went downstairs and tackled the breakfast dishes. It was her custom to hurry them through with considerable clatter. But today she worked slowly, letting the water dribble into the dishpan, taking up one dish at a time. Not that the task had taken on any pleasantness—she did not think of it at all. She had too much else to think about.

One thing—it was hard coming home with the highest honor the school could award and have your mother go right on darning! If she could have thrown herself into her mother's arms and poured out something of the lofty feelings she had had! It would have been so nice to put them into words. She felt a tear splash into the suds—at least she thought it was a tear.

If some day she might tell Deane Andrews how she was not understood or appreciated at home, how lonely she was! She hadn't been either lonely or misunderstood until this moment, but her sense of both grew now to an actual physical ache.

NANCY FAY

She managed to keep it throughout the afternoon by means of deep brooding, which wasn't easy because the sun was enticing and Cora Kellar and Beth Cox coo-hooded under her window and invited her to go down to Olive's Candy Kitchen to celebrate. As if she could! Though Olive's ice-cream-and-banana delight, with maple syrup and nuts for ten cents extra almost

(Continued on page 38)



They hugged Theo and laughed and even wept, and Theo laughed and wept and hugged them back



Peter Pan, in real life, is a determined young person who knows what she wants and how to get it

In 1927, before she was thirty, she received the "Pictorial Review" award for artistic achievement

Eva Le Gallienne

IT WAS immediately after a Peter Pan matinée that I talked with Eva Le Gallienne in her dressing room. Five minutes ago from the audience I had seen her perched high in the tree-tops with Wendy, waving goodbye to all the children. Now here she was backstage, still wearing the woodsy-colored, leaf-garnished costume of the little boy who refused to grow up. With her slim brown arms, slim brown legs and pointed cap above short, thick, brown curls she was still the mischievous, wistful, elfin boy, youth incarnate of the Barrie play that young and old alike love so well.

The picture was so attractive that for the moment I just stood there and stared in astonishment and wonder. Was this the same Eva Le Gallienne whom I had seen a

By MARGARET NORRIS

few evenings ago on this same stage as the tragic older sister in Chekov's "The Cherry Orchard,"

all in black and sad, like a nun, a black shawl over her head? Was she the same girl who five years before had scored such a success as the gently lovely princess in "The Swan"?

"What a variety of rôles you play!" I exclaimed, "and how different you look in all of them!"

"It takes many rôles to make the actress," she said, "just as it takes many pictures to make the artist."

"But you should always play Peter Pan because it seems just to suit you, somehow."

"It is fun to play Peter," she said with a smile—and a smile is becoming to her. It makes her whole face light

up and shows how white and even her teeth are. "But the acid test of the actress is not to play the rôle suited to her temperament but, rather, to play one in which she must be someone quite different from the self she is in real life. To do this she must know how to act."

"How old were you when you went on the stage?"

"Just fourteen."

"And that was—" I hesitated—"would it be rude to ask you how many years ago?"

"Oh, I'm too young to mind telling my age. I have just passed my thirtieth birthday. Many people assume I am older because I have been acting so long—sixteen years; but it is a great advantage to start young. There's so much to be learned in the theatre, and it takes years to learn."

Eva Le Gallienne should know, for she is not only an actress but an actress-manager. Before she became director of her own Civic Repertory Theatre in New York with a company of players that she herself has trained, she was one of the more successful of the younger actresses of the American stage. She had been starred in many productions. Now that she has become a manager, too, she holds a unique place on our stage.

Her unusual ability received recognition in 1927 when she was given the Five Thousand Dollar Achievement Award of the *Pictorial Review*, which goes annually to "the woman who has contributed the outstanding achievement for the year to American life in the field of letters, science or the arts." She has also been elected to membership in the National Institute of Social Science, "in recognition and support of her efforts toward social advance." And she received the gold medal of the Society of Arts and Sciences for "the most important contribution of an individual to the drama during 1926."

"It takes twenty years to make an actress," says Eva Le Gallienne. "The first ten years are just clearing your decks, learning stage discipline and technique. The technique of the stage is as exciting as the technique of the piano, its discipline as severe and stern as army discipline. After that, if a girl has genuine talent and an indefinite capacity for work, boundless ambition and clarity of vision—nothing can keep her down. But if she lacks these things, my next bit of advice is not to wait for luck; she's in the wrong profession!"

It is pleasant to talk to Eva Le Gallienne, she is so straight-forward, direct and clear thinking. There is no hedging about her. She looks you straight in the eye and goes directly to the matter at hand, choosing words and phrases with amazing fluency. Her clarity of thought is as conspicuous as her clarity of diction and both are delightful to listen to.

Right here came an interruption. A young woman with an artist's pad had arrived from one of the newspapers to sketch her as Peter Pan. She was shown into the tiny dressing room with its many pots of make-up on the stand and given the one remaining chair.

"If you can sketch while I talk it will save us all time," said the busy

Miss Le Gallienne. "You see, there is so much to do."

"But with that make-up I can't get your eyes." The artist frowned at Peter's sharply arched eyebrows.

"If it comes off the eyes, it must come off the whole face—and, I warn you, I won't look so much like a boy!"

"All off, then," said the artist, indicating thumbs down. A few professional gestures and it was gone.

It was a delicate profile revealed beneath Peter's tan, with small, finely cut features, cameo-like—pretty is too weak a word. Interesting is the better term, and finely chiseled. Yes, Peter Pan now was a slender girl with a pleasing harmony of slenderness from the crown of her head to the tips of her toes. But it is not the slenderness of fragility; rather, it is the fiery slenderness significant

of strength that one notes in the dancer or the tennis player. Does Eva Le Gallienne play tennis? She likes athletics, but she hasn't time for them. Peter Pan in real life is a serious minded, determined young person who knows what she wants and how to get it.

"How did you choose to become an actress?" I asked her, now the artist was appeased.

"One couldn't call it a choice; it was, rather, a very definite desire, born with my first conscious thought. I settled the matter with my mother when I was three years old. At that age she took me to a matinee of Charles Kingsley's 'Water Babies.' Later, while she was dressing for dinner, I toddled into her room and said, 'I want to be a water baby.'

"When she laughed and caught me up in her arms I flew into a tantrum, kicked and screamed and pounded the floor, shrieking all the while, 'I want to be a water baby! I want to be a water baby!'

"Instead of spanking me, as I deserved, my mother reasoned with me. 'Well, I will take you to the manager', she said, 'and he

(Continued on page 60)



Since she became director of her own repertory company, Eva Le Gallienne has appeared in many plays, among them Chekov's "The Three Sisters"

As Peter Pan, that mischievous, elfin boy who never grew up, she delighted the huge audiences that flocked to her theatre at Christmas time





By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

Jo Ann

"Be suave!" Jo Ann urged. "Who cares for a guest or two extra at a wedding!"

JO ANN tore open the elegant square envelope and there was another elegant envelope inside of that. The address on the outer envelope had been complete—"Miss Josephine A." and so forth—but the inner envelope had only her name.

"Well I declare!" exclaimed Jo Ann, all in one word, when she had drawn the neatly engraved invitation from the inner envelope. "Wicky! A wedding—and I'm invited!"

It was the first formal invitation to a wedding Jo Ann had ever received. She had been a flower girl once, the time she upset the cut-glass punch bowl on the cat, but she had been picked out of her cradle, practically, and hand-led through that wedding.

"Who is it?" asked Wicky, otherwise Jo Ann's roommate at Wilmot School, the no less talented Miss Julia Wickham. "Bassick? Not red-head Tommy Bassick's sister or something, is it?"

"It just is!" Jo Ann declared. "And June twenty-eighth, school will be out, Wicky. We'll go. When the first trumpet sounds, we'll be there with bells on, Wicky."

"We?" inquired Wicky doubtfully. "It doesn't say anything about me going that I can see, Jo Ann."

"Oh, well, fudge for that!" Jo Ann said carelessly. "You're coming home with me when exams are over, and we'd have gone to the wedding anyway. What do you think—a wedding next door and me not be there? And where I go you go, don't you?"

"Yes, but—" Wicky objected mildly.

"Oh, be suave, girl, be suave!" Jo Ann urged, using the latest school slang. "Who ever cares for a guest or two extra at a wedding as long as they don't steal the wedding presents? They always have to send six quarts of ice cream and half a cord of sandwiches to the poor neighbors when it's all over, anyway. Certainly, you're going to the wedding! And, my!" she exclaimed as she looked at the invitation again. "Look who Nell Bassick is marrying! 'Lieutenant Edgar Chernley Benwood, U.S.N.'"

"Who's he?" asked Wicky. "Is he somebody suave?"

"How do I know who he is, stupid! But 'U.S.N.' is United States Navy, isn't it? And a lieutenant, Wicky! There'll be ushers in navy uniforms, and an arch of swords for Nell and him to come out of church under. Will it be suave? Oh, no! It won't be a little bit suave!"

"I don't remember any Eleanor Bassick," Wicky said, trying to recall one, for she had spent parts of her vacations with Jo Ann.

"No, she was never around very much," Jo Ann admitted. "She's just graduating from Vassar and she'll hardly be home in time to be married, I expect. I never did see her much. She's popular, Wicky, visiting around all vacation, one Vassar girl and another—the way you are popular, Wicky. Well, this lieutenant must be pretty suave himself for a popular girl like Nell Bassick to marry him. I'll bet he's handsome, Wicky?"

"Is Nell Bassick handsome?" Wicky asked with new interest.

"Well, she looks like a Bassick," Jo Ann said as if that were sufficient condemnation. "You know how Tommy Bassick looks—freckles and red hair—only, of course, a girl does do something to cut that blow down some. Not so big, Wicky; she's pony size. But she's nice."

There was no need, as it developed, for Wicky to crash any gates to attend the wedding. Jo Ann's mother was Mrs. Bassick's principal aide in the wedding preparations, and Mrs. Bassick sent particular word that she hoped Jo Ann's friend would come both to the church and to the reception at the house. Jo Ann's mother even brought word that Mrs. Bassick had said that Jo Ann and Wicky might be of quite a little help in arranging the wedding gifts, if they cared to.

"Well, Mother, I guess we'd better not," Jo Ann said. "I guess we'd better just wait and go to the wedding and nothing else."

"You and Julia have so many other things planned?" Jo Ann's mother smiled. "Such busy girls?"

"No, Mother, but there's no use ruining the wedding just to have us put a few presents on tables," Jo Ann explained. "I owe Tommy Bassick too much to go where I'm practically sure to meet him, and I'd hate to get in a fight with him under a table where wedding presents are—so many of the presents are glass."

"And it practically ruins a clock or a silver pitcher if a table gets upset and spills them on the floor," Wicky said.

"And, anyway, Mother," Jo Ann said, "Mrs. Bassick wouldn't want Tommy all scratched up for the wedding."

"So we'd better not go over," Wicky added.

From the reports Jo Ann's mother brought home it was evident that the wedding was to be in all respects what Jo Ann called "absolutely suave." The church and the parlor where the bride and groom were to receive were to be decorated by Hentz, and the number of white carnations to be used was astounding. The catering was to be by Francini and he was to furnish the wedding cake. Jo Ann's mother said the cake was to be a tremendous one. Nell's dress she described as old ivory *moyen âge* with real lace, *moyen âge* head-dress with lace veil.

"It is very beautiful," Jo Ann's mother said, "but it would be even more so if Nell were taller. She's such a small person—hardly taller than you, Jo Ann."

There were to be six bridesmaids and a matron-of-honor and two tiny flower girls, and Jo Ann's mother verified Jo Ann's guess that young naval officers were to be the ushers, wear their uniforms and make an arch of

swords at the church door. Altogether it was going to be a very grand affair. The young officers had all been classmates of Edgar Benwood at Annapolis.

"I hear they are very jolly and full of fun," Jo Ann's mother reported, but she looked a little serious when she said it, and she added, "I hope



Tommy, with his usual determination, set out to prevent Jo Ann and Wicky from getting near enough to catch the bride's bouquet

and the Jokes

Illustrations by Garrett Price

nothing annoying happens. It would be most unpleasant."

"What would happen?" Jo Ann asked, but her mother did not answer that. Instead, she appealed to Jo Ann.

"Josephine," she said, "I want you to promise not to get into any trouble with Tommy Bassick during the wedding. I think it is very nice of Mrs. Bassick to invite you and Julia, when one thinks of the way you and Tommy always quarrel. You'll promise, Jo Ann, not to make trouble for Tommy until the wedding is over, won't you?"

Jo Ann promised, but she told Wicky the next morning that



Finally Nell stood on the stairs and threw her bouquet, and she and Edgar Benwood rushed up together, and the wedding was over

she wished she hadn't. Now they wouldn't have any fun.

"I owe that red-head a few troubles," she told Wicky, "and we might have had some wonderful chances to show him a thing or two. A wedding would be a wonderful place, Wicky; he'd be all dressed up and acting suave, and we could pounce down like the wolf on the fold—but Mother has spoiled all that. She's all for peace."

But Jo Ann's mother had not spoiled it entirely. Jo Ann asked her a question just as she was hurrying over to the Bassicks' and she answered it too thoughtlessly, her mind probably being on something else.

"Mother, when does a wedding end? When would you call it over?" Jo Ann asked.

"Over?" Jo Ann's mother repeated. "Why, usually it is over when the bride goes up to change into her going-away gown, Jo Ann. Sometimes, when there is dancing, the dance goes on after that, but I would say that when the bride goes up to change, the wedding is over."

"Oh!" said Jo Ann, but her mother was already on her way to the Bassicks'. "Well," Jo Ann said to Wicky, "that is what I call perfectly suave! As soon as the wedding is over, and that means when Nell goes upstairs to change, we can treat that smarty Bassick boy any way we want. What shall we do to him?"

Before that could be decided, Will McKinnon and Clarence Dorr, two friends of Jo Ann, came. They had been talking with Tommy Bassick, they said, and he had sent a warning.

"He said you were invited to the wedding," Will McKinnon told Jo Ann, "and he said to tell you to behave."

"He said to tell me what?" Jo Ann cried. "That carrotty kid! What did he say to tell me?"

"To behave," Will repeated, grinning.

"That's what he said. 'You tell Nuisance'—that's what he calls you now, Jo Ann—'you tell Nuisance,' he said, 'that I'll let her come to the wedding, but she's got to behave.'"

"Well, of all the impertinent nerve!" Jo Ann exclaimed. "He sent word, did he?"

"Yes," said Clarence, "he said he didn't want you musing things up. He's got bigger business on hand than fooling with you."

"Yes, the ushers have come already,"

Will explained. "Nobody knows it yet; they're not supposed to arrive till this afternoon, but they're all at the hotel and they had Tommy go to the hotel. Say, I'd give ten dollars if I could go to the reception at the house."

"Why?" asked Jo Ann, concealing her indignation at Tommy's impertinence.

"This fellow Nell is marrying—this Lieutenant Benwood—" Will said, "he's been a hot one at weddings. He's been an usher at a lot of weddings of

navy men, and he's always fixed up a lot of jokes."

"Tying tin cans to the automobile and that sort of thing?" asked Jo Ann.

"Pooh, no! That's common stuff—anybody can do that. These navy men do things when they start to do them. Why, at one wedding this Edgar Benwood and the other fellows got a pair of handcuffs—chained together, of

course—and while the bride was standing at the reception, they handcuffed her ankle to her mother's ankle, and threw away the key. They had to get a blacksmith to file the handcuffs off, and the bride and her husband missed their train and everything!"

"I think that was perfectly horrid!" said Jo Ann.

"You do? It was a joke. And another time they kidnaped the groom entirely—grabbed him as he came out of the house, and hustled him into an automobile and off with him! That time the bride and groom didn't only miss their train. They missed all the trains. They didn't even see each other until the next day."

"That's horrid! That's absolutely horrid!" Jo Ann cried.

"Yes? Well, I guess that's nothing to what they'll do now that they've got a chance to get back at Lieutenant Benwood," Clarence said.

"What are they going to do?" asked Jo Ann, feigning innocence.

"I don't know that," Will McKinnon said cautiously.

"I wouldn't tell if I did know."

"Oh, come on, Will! Tell us!" Jo Ann coaxed.

"Do you promise, cross your heart, you won't tell anyone?" Will asked.

"Yes, I do," Jo agreed. "Tell me, Will."

"This time they're going to kidnap the bride," Will said, grinning. "They're going to grab her as soon as she comes downstairs to leave, and they're going to hustle her into a car and break all the speed limits, and hide her somewhere for a day—maybe longer. That's why they sent for Tommy—they don't dare kidnap her for that long unless somebody is with her, a sort of chaperon. So Tommy is going to go, too. He'll be in the car when they hustle her in—her reception committee, you see."

"I think he's beastly!" Jo Ann declared. "I think he's just the limit, helping play such a joke on his own sister!"

"Oh, it's all a joke!" Will laughed. "Nell knows she's marrying a navy man, and she knows the jokes Edgar Benwood played on the others, so I guess she expects something to happen."

"And what will Edgar Benwood be doing all the time they are stealing his bride?" Wicky asked.

"He'll probably be lying flat on the floor of the room he goes up to change his clothes in, with four fellows sitting on him," Clarence said. "But, you remember you promised you wouldn't say a word of this to anybody, Jo Ann—not a single little word to anybody at all."

"I keep my promises," Jo Ann said most haughtily.

When the boys had gone, Jo Ann and Wicky gathered together in a bunch of two and talked this amazing state of things over. It is sad to have to state that they did not worry much about the proposed kidnaping of Nell Bassick. Some sort of silly jokes were always being played on brides and grooms, and they supposed Nell must have expected something or she would not have chosen to marry a navy man who had a reputation as a joker at weddings. That was as it might be, but it was not in Jo Ann's nature to let Tommy Bassick triumph over a girl, even if that girl was his own sister—indeed, her enemy's sister!

"We've got to rally around Nell," Jo Ann said. "No-

body else is going to. It's up to you and me, Wicky."

"We can't fight the whole navy," Wicky said simply.

Jo Ann wrapped her arms around her knees and sank her chin between the knees and reflected.

"But we can fight that red-headed Tommy Bassick," she said. "Wicky, you've never been in the Bassick's attic, have you? You don't know the clothes closet they built up there, do you? Well, it's good! It's strong. And I know where they keep the key—behind a board just at the top of the attic stairs. If Tommy Bassick was locked in that cedar closet, he couldn't get out for a long, long time!"

"Yes? Go on!" Wicky urged eagerly.

"Well, the boys said that the navy wouldn't dare kidnap Nell unless Tommy went with her. Don't you see? We'll kidnap Tommy first, Wicky. Mother says a wedding is over when the bride goes up to change into her going-away clothes. So we'll have a right to agitate as soon as Nell goes up—and they won't try to kidnap her until she comes down, I expect. So we'll let them sit on Edgar Benwood awhile, if they want to, but we'll put Tommy in the cedar closet in the attic, and the kidnaping won't happen."

"But can we put him in the closet?" Wicky asked. Jo Ann looked at her chum scornfully. The look was enough.

"If I couldn't put Tom Bassick in a closet I might as well be a boy, or something else helpless, and be done with it!" Jo Ann said.

The wedding, as it turned out, was as beautiful as Mrs. Bassick had hoped it would be. In spite of her small size, Nell was very lovely in her *moyen âge* wedding gown as she walked up the aisle on the wedding afternoon. The navy men were superb in their uniforms. The decorations were perfect. The organist never played better. The arch of swords at the church door was most thrillingly impressive.

At the house everything was equally fine. Here, too, the floral decorations were just right as a setting for Nell and her new husband to stand against, and Nell—if a little nervous, as one would be who was not sure what jokes the ushers would be up to—was smilingly happy. Lieutenant Benwood was handsome enough to please anyone, and hardly anybody knew that he was wearing a wig.

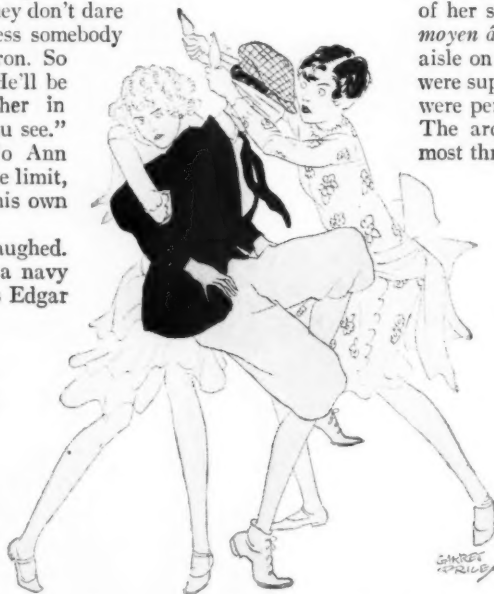
The wig, for a wig that had been bought by telephone and sent by special messenger, was a good fit. A wig had had to be bought because one of the playful jokes of the ushers had been to hold Lieutenant Benwood down and shave his head of its crop of beautiful hair. They had done this that morning, just as a starter.

But the catering was perfect, and Francini's waiters were inconspicuous yet always at hand to present an ice or a salad or take a cup or plate. And the wedding cake was a beauty. Nell cut it herself.

Mr. Bassick, who was always a good-natured man, seemed even more than usually jovial. He was especially jovial with the young naval men, clapping them on the back and laughing so often that they began to be worried, particularly as he would say, "Well, I suppose you fellows will be up to some smart joke or other!"

"What does he mean by that?" one would say to another when Mr. Bassick had passed on to another group. "Why, he acts as though he thought the joke was on us."

(Continued on page 44)



Wicky had her arms around Tommy's coat and Jo Ann bound the napkin over a mouth that had not had time to utter a cry

Selected
by
HAZEL
RAWSON
CADES

Illustrations by
Katherine Shane

The costumes on this
page are from Frank-
lin Simon and Com-
pany, New York



Your Summer Clothes

The put-on-take-off jersey suit at the left above offers a skirt, a coat, a sleeveless sweater and a sweater with sleeves. You can wear all four pieces at once and keep warm. Or you can wear the skirt and sleeveless sweater and keep cool. Or the coat, skirt and one of the sweaters and keep medium. The suit comes in blue, maize or green. The sweater with sleeves is, in each case, white. This suit makes a charming and practical traveling costume, and is ideal for seashore weather.

Printed dresses are popular and very useful. The little polka-dotted dress, shown above at the right, with its crisp frills makes a charming costume for town or Sunday wear either with or without a coat. The background colors of brown, black or blue contrast delightfully with the light-colored frills of organdie around the neck and wrists. The background color should be carried out in shoes, hat and pocketbook. Gloves and stockings may be chosen in a light beige to complete a well-planned ensemble.

Gingham has been one of the sure hits of the season. The sleeveless dress of checked red and white or green and white shown in the above, takes on the dignity of an ensemble by joining its fortunes with a coat of red or green linen. It is charming, tubbable and useful for tennis or any town and country informality. It always looks fresh and cool and is a most comfortable addition to your summer wardrobe. Notice the popular beret and the correct sports oxfords worn with it.

One of the charms of chiffon for evening is that it is all-seasonable. You can wear it equally well in July or in January. Another nice thing about this dress is that it comes not only in pink and powder blue for those who like delicate shades, but also in red and a rather bright medium blue called "imperial." Both of these are smart shades which show soil less readily than do the paler colors. Moreover, chiffons withstand packing well and so make good travelers when called upon for summer vacation trips.



Suddenly the great clock throbbed out a long, echoing stroke that cut the stillness like a sinister gong



By FLORENCE
M. PETTEE

The Strange Clock

BETH read it aloud, her curiosity quickening her heartbeat and lifting her voice into awed italics:

FOR SALE—HAUNTED CLOCK: Genuine colonial clock with guaranteed history and ghost. Owner forced to dispose of heirloom because of illness. Antiquarians and psychiatrists take notice. Address 977 Clarion.

Great-aunt Mary and Steven glanced up from their chessboard as if they had been jerked back to outside interests by invisible wires. Aunt Mary quite forgot the stalemate which confronted them.

"Did you say for sale, Beth? A clock actually advertised as haunted!"

Beth read the notice again with increased glee. For Great-aunt Mary's curiosity was a prize worthy of her best style.

"Fancy now," mused Aunt Mary, quite forsaking the chessboard and Steven. "Isn't that odd? Yet, to my mind, there's something very suggestive about the owner's disposing of an heirloom because he or she is in ill health—a haunted heirloom, at that. I can't understand it at all."

"It's the haunt," declared Beth, romping to her usual conclusions from the vaguest of premises. "It's the ghost, that's what it is! Somebody's getting afraid. Ugh! Burr-r-r-r!"

She pretended to shiver. Really she was delighted at the interest she had provoked.

"Maybe," parried Aunt Mary, laughing in spite of herself, "some prolonged illness has necessitated the sale of the clock to increase shrinking funds."

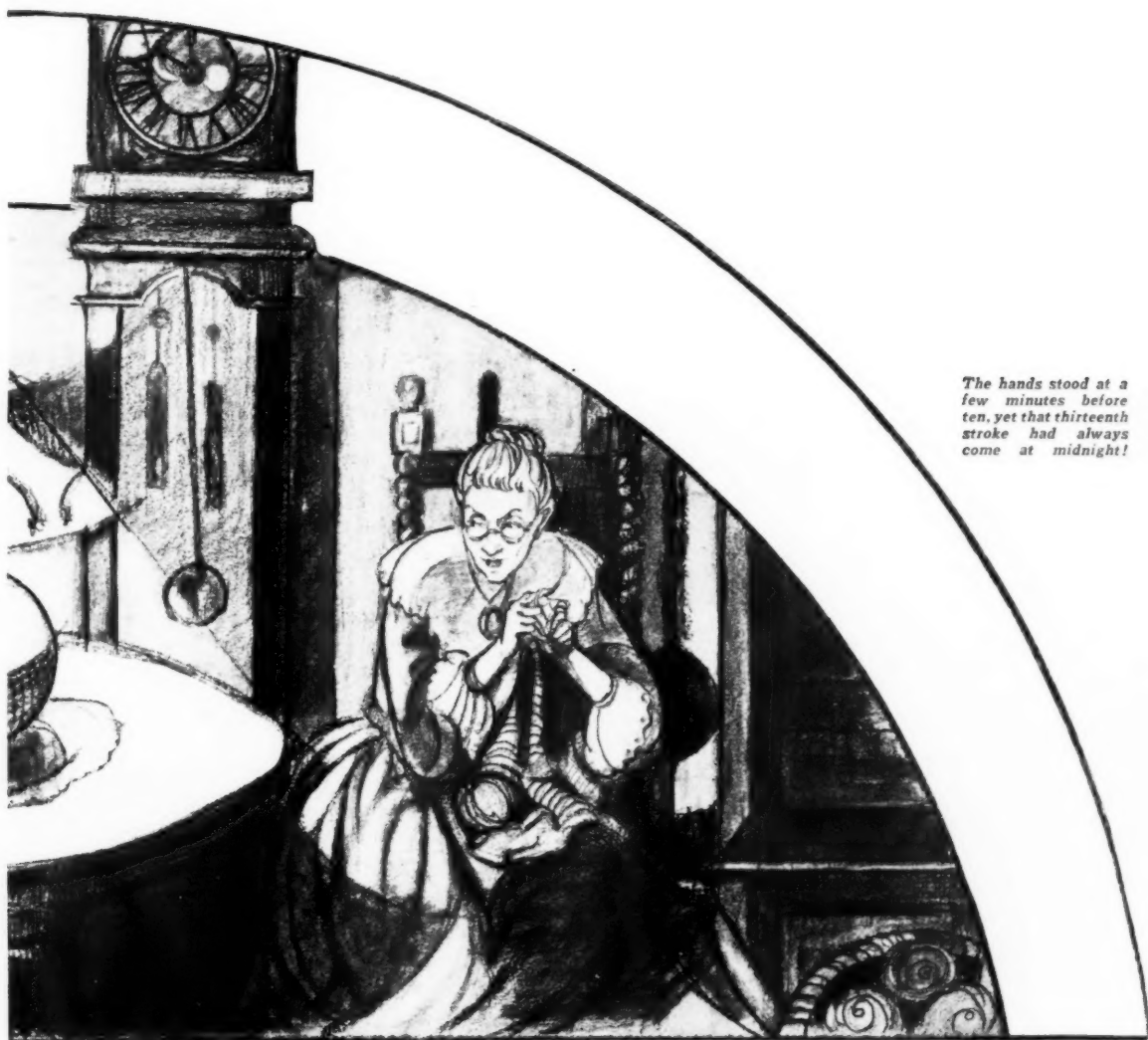
"Shrinking nerves!" stoutly maintained Beth. "That's what it is."

"Peace at any price," put in Steven. "But it's your move, Aunt Mary."

With a gesture very much like that of her grand-niece, Mary Stanton popped up promptly from her seat by the chessboard.

"What're the problems of dumb knights before this living puzzle? It's like a cry in the dark, an S. O. S. I'm going to answer that advertisement."

Steven was standing beside her hopefully. His face marked his disapproval as he looked down at her from his



The hands stood at a few minutes before ten, yet that thirteenth stroke had always come at midnight!

of the Hardscrabbles

*Illustrations by
Vera Clere*

five feet ten. His frown deepened. Her curiosity simply must *not* be encouraged. No telling where it would lead them.

He shook his head negatively at Beth, as if by mere pantomime he would blight this new whim which seemed to sprout and bud under his very eyes. From past experience he knew that Great-aunt Mary, spurred on by some new notion, had to be led with invisible threads, especially when as susceptible a satellite as Beth stood by, ready to catch fire on the slightest provocation.

Captiously, Beth shied away from his dumb signals.

"Not at all, Sir Gloomy Face! We're two to one—ladies first, and the rest. You're just a mere masculine minority—already leading up in the rear. Silence is your next best move, Sir Stop-Look-and-Listen. Use your ears all you like, but not your tongue. Besides, where will your gloom get you? Aunt Mary knows more about colonial clocks than anybody around here. As for ghosts—"

"Ghosts! Fiddlesticks!" denied their aunt promptly. "Bunkum and hokum! It's what's in *back* of this notice that intrigues me. I want to know the real reason for it."

Steven's disapproval subsided before this matter-of-fact

statement. Perhaps Aunt Mary's idea was not too absurd!

"Of course. Some one just staging a bid for a gullible buyer by publishing this line of spook-talk. Famous story—ghost-ridden clock, tottering health. Hear-oh-hear! come one, come all. That notice is a work of art. Whoever wrote it ought to specialize in advertising!"

"Let's concoct an answer right now," Aunt Mary hospitably invited. "What would you suggest, Steven? You've an eye for a fetching line. Suppose you catch the spirit on paper." She grinned shamelessly at her own unintentional pun.

The final lines of disapproval faded from Steven's face. Advertising was a secret ambition of his. He intended to cultivate it in earnest when school was finished.

"The sword has become a ploughshare," Beth teased him.

Aunt Mary jumped into the approaching breach again with a suggestion for immediate action.

"Let's all try our hands at the copy. I'll pick the winner. Ready—go!"

Three thinking-caps were promptly clamped on. Aunt Mary had a direct way with her—a waylaying manner.

"Five minutes will be allotted to this intelligence test." Again silence settled over the room. Brows puckered. And then "Time's up!" said Aunt Mary. "Read yours, Steven."

Steven read:

Madam:

I'm a collector of clocks and a disbeliever in ghosts.

"It's a bad beginning," interrupted Beth grandly. "The first line's important—like the first lines in a story."

But Steven went on reading his proposed reply:

I'll bid high for a genuine, haunted time-piece, but, being a skeptic, I have to be shown. I am very much interested in an old clock with a tried and tested history. I'll call at your convenience. Telephone the time and place to Longwood 102.

Sincerely,
Mary Stanton

"That's good enough," accepted Great-aunt Mary. "It suits me. You can send it right off—it's really good." "Better hear Beth's," suggested Steven generously.

"Maybe—"

"No," retorted Beth promptly. "Mine's out. Yours is better. Your poor beginning came to a glorious ending."

She rolled her paper into a ball and tossed it into the waste-basket.

"Here's an envelope, Steven." Aunt Mary produced it from the table drawer. "Now, wind up the Rattler and run this answer down to the *Clarion* office. We'll await developments."

The telephone message came through early in the afternoon. They were to call at three promptly. The address was Thirteen Cypress Avenue.

"That's an old section," said Aunt Mary, "with a few new-comers in the form of duplex apartments—made-over old homesteads mostly, rather shabby. Perhaps you were right after all, Beth. Some one is down in funds."

Punctually at three, Beth and her aunt stood before the left half of a made-over, first floor apartment—Steven had washed his hands of the matter and had driven off to a ball game. The house was in poor repair, the grounds unkempt. There was a brass owl-knocker

above the door which they sounded expectantly. They noted there was no name-plate on the door. Somehow they both felt that they were treading on the heels of adventure.

The door opened. A woman of sixty or thereabouts invited them in. She was plainly dressed, her hair slightly touched with gray. She wore heavy gold spectacles, which persisted in dropping down on her nose, so she seemed to peer at them owlishly over the rims.

She led them into a side room with an alcove. Venetian windows opened from it onto an overgrown terrace. Hydrangea bushes grew in sturdy clumps outside. Beyond the bushes and a short stretch of lawn ran an untrimmed, thick hedge. There was a break in it, Beth noted, with an "eye ever aimed to future needs," as she told Aunt Mary afterwards.

The room itself was shabbily furnished in the red plush of a past rococo period. There were the usual marble-topped tables, braided rugs, and high-colored, ornately framed pictures. The walls themselves had been freshly papered in a brownish oatmeal pattern. An old-fashioned, marble mantel broke the lines of the inside wall.

Between the fireplace and the windows stood a high, colonial clock. It was finished in dull, satiny wood, all beautifully inlaid and paneled. Its frosted face displayed the sign of the zodiac, blown in gilt tracery against the background of ground glass. The Roman numerals were also done in gold. Brass hour and minute hands stretched from the center bulb towards the numerals. The long, brass pendulum swayed behind the etched glass at the base. A sleepy *tick-tock, tick-tock* lazily broke the stillness.

"Sit down, please," invited their hostess. "My name is Abigail Hardscabble, and this is the clock."

She nodded toward it.

Even Beth, who had spent only her sixteen summers in the town, recalled the name. Who wouldn't, who knew anything of the history of the locality? Hiram Hardscabble made his fortune in foundries turning out shovels, beginning with trench-shovels in the Civil War and the

fortune had supposedly come down to the present generation, made up of Abigail Hardscabble and her brother. The family was famous for its petty economies. Plain homestead, no improvements—not even electric lights, but the oil lamps of generations of Hardscabbles. Coarse food, old-style clothes. The Puritanical streak in them had become more than a streak—it was a broad band.

And here was Abigail Hardscabble living in an apartment some three miles away from the old homestead on the outskirts of the town. Beth recalled that the property had been sold, and that, presumably, Abigail Hardscabble was traveling—a new and extravagant departure for anyone of that family.

Then Beth tried to remember something she had heard about the

Hardscabble clock. But the idea persistently eluded her. It was something about a family fetish, an omen or a ghost. Oh, if only she could remember!

"Yes, thank you," Aunt Mary was saying as they seated themselves.

"Have you heard about the Hardscabble clock?" inquired the woman in an "of-course-you-have" tone.

"I should prefer to hear it from you," replied Aunt Mary, who liked to get information from its source.

"Madam:" Steven read, "I'm a collector of clocks and a disbeliever in omens or ghosts"



"Well, almost everybody does know about it, I believe. It's history hereabouts and in our family. It's belonged to the Hardscrabbles for generations. It's one thing we set store by—just like one of us. That's why I've held on to it so. Bound and determined not to sell it or get rid of it. But I've come to see my folly. Attitude's just setness on my part, silly sentiment. You see, the Hardscrabble clock's haunted with a particular and peculiar family ghost. Sort of omen, you know."

Aunt Mary nodded. Miss Hardscrabble talked fast.

"It came to the first Hardscrabble—this omen. And it always happens when the oldest of the generation's about to die. It's the sign of death—a death-warning."

Beth edged nearer. She could hardly believe her ears. These words from a woman who had been reared in the most matter-of-fact background! It seemed so out of keeping with her, this ancient superstition—

"It's like this, you see," the flat voice continued.

"The clock's a wonderful time-keeper, one of the earliest eight-day clocks. We've had it looked over by clocksmiths ever since the first warning came and proved a true prophecy. But not a clock expert can find anything wrong with it, or explain the reason for the warning. What happens is this: Any time six months before the eldest of the line is doomed, this clock, at the hour of midnight, after it has struck the usual twelve strokes—will add a *thirteenth stroke*. That's the omen of the Hardscrabbles. It has never sounded untruthfully yet."

She hesitated a moment. "Well, the clock has struck. I don't mind it. I've been expecting it. Been poorly of late. I'm not exactly afraid, only I'm tired of being reminded of what's coming."

"Reminded?" repeated Great-aunt Mary perplexedly.

"Yes. You see, it struck the thirteenth stroke for the first time a month ago. That ought to have been enough. But, not satisfied with the usual single warning, it has kept it up—persecuted me—for three times since. First, I thought I'd give the clock away, put it in storage—anything to forget it. But that doesn't seem sensible. Besides, I need the money its sale would bring. I never before could bring myself to sell it. It's played such an important part with us Hardscrabbles. It's the one valuable piece that I've clung to. But I can't stand it any longer. So I sent the notice to the *Clarion*. Wanted to get two people who were really keen to buy it in a hurry. In the past, several collectors have approached me on it. But you couldn't hire me to sell it then. Well, I've been hearing the thirteenth stroke, over and over, till I've almost got to hear it *every* night. So I made up my mind to advertise it right out in the open. I've picked out the likeliest letters from those that have answered."

"Let's get this straight," put in Aunt Mary. "You've heard the thirteenth stroke four times now?"

"Yes."

"And is the clock supposed to strike only *one* thirteenth stroke prior to the approaching death of the eldest of the family?"

"Always, just once."

"Odd. Now what nights has it given these extra warnings?"

"Always on Friday nights. The thirteenth stroke at midnight, after it has been preceded by the usual twelve."

"Strange," commented Aunt Mary again. "That's not according to history. To me there's something very queer about the whole affair. It ought to be looked into."

"Miss Hardscrabble," put in Beth, "may I ask a

question? There's something I don't quite understand."

"Of course. I'll gladly answer all your questions."

"First, you're satisfied with Aunt Mary as a purchaser?"

"Personally, yes. Practically, I shall have to hear her offer before I decide. I've had three satisfactory bids."

Aunt Mary named a sum.

"That throws out the others," declared Abigail Hardscrabble.

"All right. Then we'll consider the haunted clock mine."

Again Beth made a gesture. "My question," she reminded. "May I see the names of those who have expressed

an interest in the clock and those who have made offers for it?"

Abigail Hardscrabble reached into a drawer in the marble-topped table.

"In confidence, yes. Here they are. Only I don't see—"

"My niece smells a mystery here—it's her hobby," Aunt Mary offered.

"I don't want you to sell your clock," hesitated Beth, "even though Aunt Mary's

wild to buy it, until I'm sure that it has really become an incurable pest. I think—I actually believe there's a remedy for your annoyance."

"Even so," asserted Miss Hardscrabble with finality, "I'd be foolish to refuse so handsome a sum for a haunted heirloom just for sentiment's sake. Still, I'm interested in what you may find out."

"May I look around a little?" asked Beth eagerly.

As her hostess nodded her willingness, Beth examined the narrow flue in the sooty opening of the chimney, also the bricks of the hearth. Then she searched the ceiling and the floor above and below the clock.

"D'you suppose," she asked suddenly, "we three could move the clock?"

They carefully edged it nearer the window. Beth tapped the walls under the fresh paper.

"There are no trick panels—if that's what you're looking for," declared Miss Hardscrabble. "It's a very ordinary home—remodeled—"

"I want to get at the reason behind this odd occurrence," stated Beth, earnestly. "Aunt Mary wants the clock, but I want the *ghost*! What I wish to suggest is this—can't you let the matter apparently wait until next Friday night, refuse all other queries concerning the clock? Then we'll slip in unnoticed after dark; the shadows and the shrubbery will hide our entrance. I've an idea I want to put into practice. And I very much want to banish your feeling that you're doomed, Miss Hardscrabble. That's half what's the matter with your health. The thing is enough to worry anyone ill. If I can prove your clock to be a false prophet this time, don't you think the result will be worth the delay and the experiment?"

"Oh, if you only could! I can't eat—I can't sleep—I can't seem to forget it. I know I'm a coward, but I haven't the resigned fatalism of the rest of the family."

"Of course," Aunt Mary soothed her. "You can trust Beth. She's a wizard at nosing out riddles. She thinks this one is solvable. Suppose you come over and stay with us until Friday morning. Forget all about the clock."

"Oh, I couldn't do that," objected Miss Hardscrabble. "Besides, if anything is wrong—no, I'll wait here, and try to be sensible."

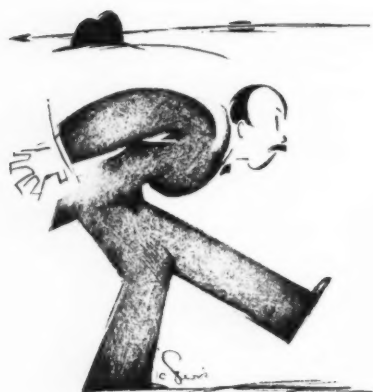
"Good!" enthused Beth. She was putting away the list in the table drawer. "Now, do any of these people who have

(Continued on page 49)



By GURNEY WILLIAMS

Mary Ellen—



Zip! There was a gasp as Mary Ellen's arrow passed through Dr. Bigelow's hat

WHENEVER anyone on the Danford campus says "Mary Ellen Scott" and "archery" in the same breath, it's good for one of two things; a hearty laugh or an admiring shake of the head.

It all began one day last spring. I was walking toward the *Danford Daily* office, wondering what kind of story I could write for the next day's paper. Mary Ellen fell into step beside me and announced calmly but proudly that she had been appointed a reporter on the women's staff of the paper.

"Just think, Bob," she said, expanding the information so that I might fully appreciate it, "after three months of clipping stale news from other papers, and writing silly society notes, and doing all the other odd jobs of a tryout, I'm at last a reporter with a regular beat and everything!"

"Great!" I said enthusiastically. "What's the beat?"

"The archery department," said Mary Ellen, "and don't laugh! It seems that archery is a healthy sport and so on, and the girls don't appreciate it here; so I'm supposed to write some stories that will work up some enthusiasm."

"Good enough," I approved. "Publicity writer, eh?"

"Umm," said Mary Ellen. We were passing the Den and her attention had been momentarily distracted by the hissing of the soda fountain. She eyed me speculatively, her mouth drawn into a teasing little smile.

"All right," I growled fiercely, "I guess I can find enough petty cash for a couple of sodas."

"Archery," pursued Mary Ellen as we sat down in one of the booths, "is an up and coming sport in nearly all the colleges and universities in the country and there's no reason why we shouldn't keep in step. Every girl on this campus should—what are you smiling about?"

"Oh, nothing," I quickly drained a glass of water and grinned at her. "I was just thinking."

"Out with it," commanded Mary Ellen. "before the thought dies of loneliness!"

"No, really," I said seriously. "I was thinking that you don't sound like the Mary Ellen of last semester; the Mary Ellen who—"

"—made a clown of herself at hockey," interrupted Mary Ellen, "practically had

herself ousted from the basketball squad, and finally ended up in a heap on a pair of runaway skis. Is that what you mean?"

"Yes," I admitted. "I'm glad you've at last taken an active interest in sports. Every freshman should."

"Why, you big, overgrown, sophisticated sophomore, you! . . . Seriously, though, I *had* to take an interest in sports—"

"Ahah!" I cut in triumphantly, "I *thought* you'd realize that sooner or later!"

"—or else," finished Mary Ellen, wrinkling up her nose, "you'd have pestered me until my life would have been one long pest! But anyhow," she went on quickly, "I'm glad now that I fell for your insidious propaganda. It gives me something to think about."

"Not only that," I added, "it'll give you something to write about."

"Which brings us back to archery," said Mary Ellen briskly. "Listen, Bob; I've got to write a good story for tomorrow that'll get things started around here. I don't know anything about archery but I was talking to the coach—to Miss Hackney—this morning and she's going to give me some pointers about it this afternoon. She knows as much about archery as I don't, and she's all for bringing the sport up from the bottom of the minor activities and making something of it."

"Uh huh," I nodded. "Sounds good. May I go down with you?"

"Sure," said Mary Ellen, flicking a powder puff across her nose; "the date's at 3:30. We might as well go down together, from the *Daily* office."

By 3:15 we had both finished looking at the notices on the *Daily* bulletin board and so forth, so we ambled over to Barbour field, where all the girls' athletic endeavors take place; and there we found Miss Hackney plunking arrows with surprising accuracy into the canvas face of a straw target. The line of flight was parallel with the sidewalk and we stood and watched for a minute, trying to get an idea of how it was done. I noticed that the coach was good at it, that she held her head straight and that after she had loosed each arrow she kept perfectly still until after the arrow had plunked into the target. She looked as though she were posing for a photograph.

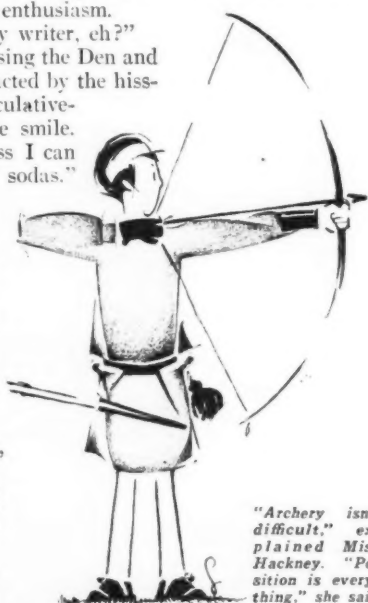
"Hello", she said, suddenly noticing us. "See how it's done?"

"Oh, sure," said Mary Ellen. "Nothing to it. You just get a bow and arrow, slip the arrow into the string, point the tip toward the target, and fire."

The coach smiled. "You come here a minute," she said, "and I'll change your mind!"

"That'll be easy," chuckled Mary Ellen. "Bob has been doing it ever since he first mentioned athletics!"

"Archery isn't difficult," explained Miss Hackney, "if you learn correctly. Position is everything and if you don't observe correct form right from the start, you'll develop faults that will seriously affect your scoring possibilities. It's



"Archery isn't difficult," explained Miss Hackney. "Position is everything," she said

Archery Promoter

Illustrations by
Catharine Lewis

like golf in that respect, and also because you must keep your temper at all times." She handed the bow to Mary Ellen. "This is a twenty-five pound bow."

"It doesn't feel that heavy," said Mary Ellen.

"No," laughed the coach, "and it isn't. I mean by twenty-five pound bow that it will take that amount of strength to pull it. Later on you'll be able to use a heavier bow—if you intend really to learn the game. Stand this way, with your left side at right angles with the face of the target. Your heels should be eight inches apart. That's it. You see, if a line were to be drawn through your heels it would pass through the center of the target. That's the idea. Stand up straight; head and eyes turned towards the target."

"This is getting complicated," grinned Mary Ellen.

"Not yet," returned the coach, slipping the bowstring into the nock of the arrow, "but we're getting there!" She stood behind Mary Ellen and helped her through the next steps. "Now then; grasp the middle of the bow with your left hand, and the arrow with your right. Extend the left arm straight ahead, with the hand still grasping the bow, and aim at the target. Keep your right elbow on a level with the rest of your arm, and raise it only after the arrow has been drawn back about three-quarters of its length. Keep both wrists straight."

Mary Ellen's face wrinkled up into an expression of intense concentration.

"After the left hand is extended," the coach went on, "bring the right hand up until the thumb touches the chin. Keep your head up; do *not* bring it down to meet the hand. Now you are ready to loose the arrow; and after it is loosed be sure to keep your hands still so you won't disturb your aim. Aim, of course, depends on other things, such as the strength of the bow and wind, but it's governed by raising or lowering the left hand."

"I see," said Mary Ellen.

"All right," said Miss Hackney, smiling, "let's see if you see."

After several attempts which were corrected by the coach, Mary Ellen finally loosed an arrow. Swish! It struck squarely in the center of the bull's-eye! It was a freak shot and we all realized it, but Mary Ellen gravely handed the bow to the coach. "Any time you want any help with your classes," she said with mock sophistication, "just give me a ring! I'm always glad to be of service."

"Thank you," grinned Miss Hackney. "But my classes aren't big enough yet to require additional instructors. However, just to prove to me that you are an expert, let me see you do that again."

This time Mary Ellen's aim was several degrees off. In fact there was practically no aim at all. The arrow swerved sharply, finally coming to rest in the middle of the sidewalk.

For fifteen minutes she practiced form and made several flights, and then a lot of girls appeared from nowhere and began to string up their bows. Mary Ellen's arms were beginning to get tired, but she decided to try one more shot before quitting. "Perhaps I'll make another bull's-eye," she said hopefully, and began to get into position again.

Well, that shot—like the shot that was heard 'round the world—made history. While a crowd of girls stood idly by, watching, Mary Ellen slowly extended her left



Well, that shot
—like the shot
that was heard
'round the world
—made history

arm and took aim. And at that precise moment Dr. Bigelow, the president of the college, happened by and stopped to watch Mary Ellen. Someone called out a cheery "Hello, Dr. Bigelow!" and Mary Ellen suddenly found herself in the grip of a self-conscious panic. The president was watching her!

She turned to look at him and as she pivoted, her grip on the arrow relaxed and the slender shaft snapped away in the very accurate direction of Dr. Bigelow's hat, not fifteen yards distant. Zip! There was a gasp as the arrow passed through the crown, and as the hat plopped to the ground behind the president, Mary Ellen screamed and several other people screamed and the excitement was intense. To me it was just like a nightmare or a movie—or both.

Then Mary Ellen and Miss Hackney were both trying to apologize at once and the president was brushing off his hat and looking a bit dazed and confused. Immediately thereafter he began to get mad. He's a fiery little man and he spluttered and fizzed for a moment and then, realizing that he wasn't being very dignified before all the girls, he moved away.

As Dr. Bigelow walked off, muttering words that didn't seem to mean anything—but undoubtedly meant a lot of things—Mary Ellen and Miss Hackney disappeared into the field house and I was left alone with a lot of girls who were talking in bunches. Some of them were laughing; others looked rather horrified. I wandered around for a few minutes waiting for Mary Ellen, but when I saw one of the girls—Helen Wilcox—detach herself from the crowd and streak towards the office, I figured she had a story in mind for the *Daily* and I thought I'd better head her off.

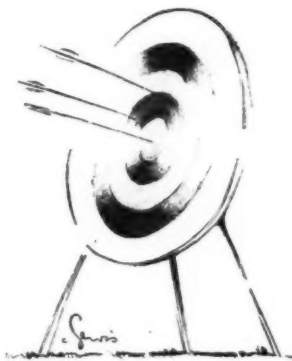
"Helen!" I ran to catch her. "Are you going to write a story about this?"

"Why, yes," she said, looking at me quizzically. "Of course I won't play it up, but it's really too good to ignore altogether."

Mary Ellen won't mind, so long as I tone down the story." "That's the idea," I said, relieved. "Just say—well, let's see; just make it light, and—oh well, you know."

Helen flashed me a smile. "Sure, of course I know."

(Continued on page 40)



Carmella Commands

By WALTER S. BALL

Illustrations by Frederic Dorr Steele

For what has happened so far in this story,
see page fifty-nine

A FEW hours ago two dollars for an afternoon's spending would have dazzled Carmella. But with ten dollars of her own in her tiny purse, to do with as she wished, the effect that Nicole had expected was not quite achieved. She did not mention the ten dollars, however.

"Gosh, I've got to go to school some, haven't I? I'll get the dickens from Dad if I get reported." Carmella hesitated a moment.

"Well, are you gonna go with me or are you gonna stick with teacher?" he added, tauntingly. "Remember, I got two passports in my pocket."

"Say," asked Carmella, "where'd you get your little old two dollars?"

"I gotta job now."

"A job! What at?"

"I'm workin' regular for Mike Laudini."

"You mean in his ice-cream factory?" Nicole nodded, noting the impression he had made.

"Seccante!" exclaimed Carmella. Fascinated, she gazed at her newly-crowned friend. She knew that he had been occasionally employed by Mike—errands and such trifles. But to be regularly employed and helping with the deliveries to all the best houses in town was an honor.

"Let's go to the movies, Nick," said the girl. "What you doing for Mike?" she asked, as they started down the street, toward the school and toward the theatre.

"Well, I'm helping at the factory so far," answered Nicole. "But he's going to put me on deliveries in a few days."

Carmella gazed in rapture. Making deliveries, she thought, opened the way for great adventure. It put you in touch with people, real people, big people, people like Mr. Barrington. You got tips on where to buy real estate.

They went to two movies, with a soda after each, and then danced to the nickel-in-the-slot music box in the corner of the confectioner's shop. Nicole had to count his steps, sometimes audibly. Mostly he preferred to do a corner fox-trot, scarcely moving beyond the confines of a square yard. Carmella loved the gliding long-step movement about the floor.

The fox-trot ended, but another nickel started the machine on a waltz. Nicole tried it in terms of the fox-trot, and stumbled. Carmella, who had never danced a waltz before, stopped short and absorbed the rhythm. Then, suddenly, she seized Nicole, and led him through the dance.

"That ain't no dance!" growled Nicole, embarrassed.



Carmella thought furiously. Why her father was disciplining her! She would show him!

"It's a grand and glorious dance," said Carmella. "None of this shuffle stuff. We'll do it again. I didn't know they made music this way."

As they walked home, Carmella was reflecting on the mental standing of a boy who

preferred a fox-trot to a waltz. She decided it was low.

The next morning, on reaching school, she offered her excuse to Miss Kelly who scolded her and sent her to the principal. Carmella was growing entirely too free-and-easy in her absences.

Mr. Carroll read the excuse. Then he looked through his glasses at Carmella. He had decided to probe some of these facial documents. "Why were you translating?" he asked.

"Because Dad can't talk English enough to do business," said the girl.

"What was the business?"

"Selling real estate out in Greendale—out a way from here."

"What time of day did the transaction take place?"

"We left the city at eleven-thirty," answered Carmella.

"Then why," Mr. Carroll was suddenly stern, "didn't you come to school for the first two hours?"

"Because you'd have made a row over my getting excused at eleven, and you know it, Mr. Carroll." The surprised principal stared at Carmella.

"Are you sure I would?" he asked.

"Well, Miss Kelly would, anyway. And I had to be there, Mr. Carroll. You don't know—"

"I know," he said, reassuringly. "But you've been away a good deal of this term."

"Well, gosh, Mr. Carroll," she said; "when your dad or mother has to use you, what are you going to do?"

"When they tell you to do a thing, do it," said the principal. "But I wish you would tell them that your main job is to come to school. And will you be at school every day except when they need you, instead of going to the movies as you did yesterday afternoon with Nicole Pieri?"

Carmella's jaw dropped, and she stared at the principal, trying to think who could have been the traitor. "What do you mean, Mr. Carroll?" she asked.

"I mean will you come to school instead of going to the movies?" he replied.

"Yes, Mr. Carroll," said Carmella.

She walked back to her room, thinking furiously who could have told on her. "Mr. Carroll sent me back," she told Miss Kelly.

"Are you coming to school every day?" asked Miss Kelly.

"Every day that Mr. Carroll won't take an excuse for."

"But you'll try to come regularly?" she persisted.

"Yes, Miss Kelly," said Carmella. "I'll try to come."

Vacation came and Carmella looked forward to a happy summer of movies and dances with Nicole. For nearly three months there lay ahead of her nothing but play, much of which she had decided should be at the jobs where her father was at work.

Tommaso had left when she came down to breakfast the first morning. As she and her sister finished their meal, Maria said: "Now that you have no school, you shall wash the dishes, Carmella, and you, Raffaella, shall dry them, and Paola shall help put them away."

Carmella glared at her mother for a moment. Then she said: "If I must work, then I'm going to help father."

"We shall see," her mother said, and went about other matters as if nothing unpleasant at all had happened.

Nothing more was said about the dishes, but Carmella, pretending to read, noticed with growing inquietude that they were left untouched on the table.

Several times Maria passed through the room, but said nothing. She had recalled that Tommaso was working on a nearby job, so he would be at home for dinner soon after noon.

As noon approached and Maria began the cooking, still without touching the breakfast dishes on the table, Carmella grew more and more restless. She was debating surrender when the door opened and her father entered. Carmella stopped breathing. She watched him go through to the kitchen. Maria turned to him.

"Do you need Carmella's help today in your work?" she asked.

"Of course not," he answered. "Why?"

"It is *la vacanza*," Tommaso waited. "She is thirteen years old," Maria went on. "It is time she learned really to help, and in vacation I have told her to wash the dishes. She replies to me that she will work with you instead of with me in the house."

"You have not helped your mother so much because you go to school. When I was thirteen I worked all day. This vacation you shall wash dishes when your mother says so."

"But, *padre caro*—"

"You shall wash dishes. These dishes here you shall wash

before you eat dinner." Tommaso turned to other matters.

To the vast delight of her younger sisters, Carmella toiled at the breakfast dishes, washing and wiping them. Then before she had finished, the family sat down to dinner—without her. At last, to Maria, this new world was proving to have a few old world customs.

Carmella finished her work as the family dinner ended, and sat down to eat, though so consumed with anger and mortification that she had appetite for little. As she finished, Maria said: "Now you shall wash dishes, Carmella, and Raffaella shall wipe, and Paola shall help to put them away."

The three girls set to work without reply, the two younger ones awed by the event of the morning. Not before they had seen Carmella so humbled.

Not until late in the afternoon did her wrath cool sufficiently to allow her



To the vast delight of her sisters, Carmella toiled at the breakfast dishes

to consider anew her vacation plans, and to consider Nicole's new phase. As an assistant to Mike Laudini he should have money—much money. Hitherto he had been able to ask her to the movies only infrequently. Sometimes, when she happened to have money and he did not, she had cheerfully paid the bills. But now, she felt, this would no longer be proper. Nicole Pieri, assistant to Mike Laudini, was a figure.

Carmella strolled to the street, still occupied with these thoughts. Nicole presently swaggered out of his house. "How come?" he asked.

"Right as oh-so," said Carmella. And after a moment she added: "Like to ask me to a movie again?"

"Yeh!" he admitted.

"If you're broke, I'll ask you."

"Broke be hanged! You don't get it that I gotta job now. I gotta work."

"Then we've got to plan," said Carmella. "I have to wash dishes this vacation. Dad said so. You got to work and all that. When do we get together? When can we meet?"

"Tonight, if you're game," said Nicole, with decision.

"Sure thing!" said Carmella. "I'll go with you tonight."

That evening, after supper, she asked her father if she might go to the movies. To her delight, he assented. But he added: "I will take you. You shall read to me the titles, because they are hard for me in English."

"But Father!" she protested, "you never took me in your life before. I asked because Nicole asked me. Let me go with him tonight, and you take me some other night."

"I have told you once that I did not wish you to go anywhere with that boy."

"But Father, he's all right. Mike Laudini has engaged him as regular assistant. Mike wouldn't engage anybody that wasn't all right. Please, just this one evening, anyway."

"I myself will go with you."

"But, *noioso*, Dad—"

"You shall not go to the theatre with Nicole," Tommaso interrupted.

"But, *padre mio*, he's taken me lots of times, afternoons."

"Listen, Carmella *mia*. I hear of Nicole. You are to go to the pictures with others, if you wish, but not with Nicole. I will take you tonight, and you shall read the titles to me. Will you go with me?"

Suddenly the defeats and disappointments of the whole day swept over her, and she stormed. Stormed and raged, stamping her feet. "No, no, no! I will not go with you," she cried. "I will go with Nick or I will not go at all. I am old enough to decide. I am old enough. Me, Carmella Kate, to be told like a baby. And you—you to talk so to me. You—a foreigner!"

Carmella turned and rushed upstairs to her room.

Tommaso sat silent, smoking, saying nothing, though his eyes twitched queerly as he saw his daughter turn up the stairs instead of dashing outdoors. Late into the night he sat, silently smoking. Gradually his lips tightened on the amber stem of his pipe. Carmella, his chief pride in life, his hope for all the future, his link between old tongues and new ways—Carmella, she, this idol of his heart, had scorned him.

The clock on the mantel struck twelve. Tommaso rose heavily, looked toward his bedroom, shook his head, and



"And listen, caro padre. I am your interpreter, is it not so?" asked Carmella—and then suddenly, without waiting for an answer, she began to chatter of the pictures, of her vacation play, and of the rumor that Tommaso Coletta was to be contractor for Mr. Barrington

Stale 7

(Continued on page 53)



Most girls wear sports clothes during the day for, after classes, they are likely to wander over to the tennis courts for a game

Going to College?

If you're going to be a freshman soon and have chosen to go to a coeducational state university, here is the sort of life you will find

IT WAS my own fault—and my good fortune—that May of my senior year in high school found me still changing my mind about my college.

During the next four years I was successively an undergraduate at a girls' boarding school, at an Eastern woman's college, and at a coeducational university in the Middle West. From them all I learned much. At each school I made friends. Each offered different opportunities, different types of girls, different interests. And I'm glad I had the experiences that each one gave me.

The other day when I read of a debate on the question, "Resolved, that the disadvantages of coeducation outweigh its advantages," I could think of arguments for both sides. But if I had been on the negative team, I would have called attention to many of these real advantages of coeducation.

Most important of all, in a coeducational university, girls see men quite casually at their best and at their worst. You go to dances and the movies and to classes and play tennis with them; and sometimes you get into arguments about whether Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays or "why is a polyp?" or "what is a conditioned reflex action?"

by KATHARINE JOHNSON

Illustration by Clotilde Embree

You will meet and get to know bankers' sons and farm boys, men of good breeding and men of none; men you'd be proud to have your mother meet, and

men you'd sneak out of sight to avoid. You will talk with stupid boys and brilliant ones.

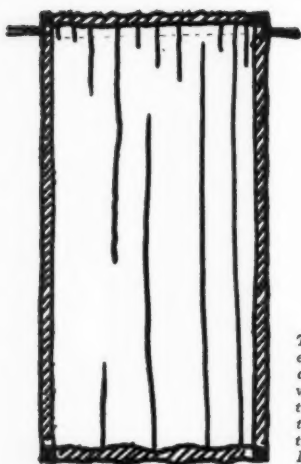
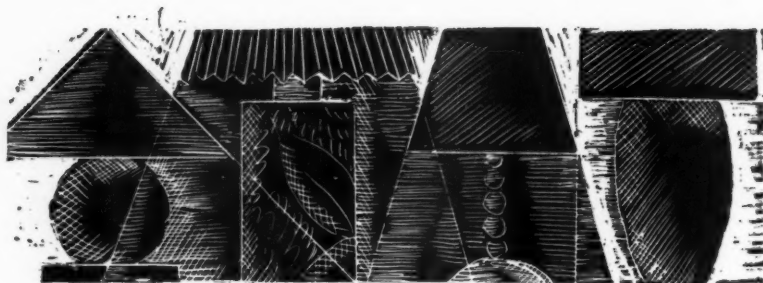
I shall never forget one of my enlightening contacts with a dumb but earnest senior. We had begun to run low on conversation—he and I—and I was frantic for something to talk about. So I asked him how he liked Charles Lamb. I had just been reading some of his essays. "Lamb?" he said, dumb and puzzled. "Yes—you know—Charles and Mary Lamb!" "Er—nope, I guess I don't. Does he live in Columbus?"

It's easy for girls who meet men only under the most favorable and selective circumstances to put them on pedestals and to think of them as one thinks of a best evening dress—to be treated carefully and worn only on special occasions. But it's really much nicer and more fun to realize that being with men is just as natural and exactly as important as having breakfast or getting an education.

For the most part, coeducational universities are more

(Continued on page 41)

By ILONKA KARASZ



The linen draperies can be bordered with a rather wide band of contrasting color, with the rods pulled through below a French heading

YOU KNOW how bare and uninviting a room looks when the curtains have been taken down at housecleaning time, and the lamps and books have been removed. Even the loveliest furniture and rugs cannot make a room livable and homelike. It is the very important accessories that add the final and necessary touch, like the magic wand of a fairy godmother.

But to make a beautiful and harmonious room, the accessories must be carefully chosen. Odds and ends gathered haphazard from other parts of the house, no matter how attractive they are in themselves, have it in their power to ruin the effect of a room in which they do not belong. Especially in a room as unaffected and distinctive as the one we have been working out in these articles, a single pillow out of key may be fatal. A badly chosen lamp or lampshade can be even more unfortunate for the room, for they are usually ornamented, and ornaments may definitely put the object in a class or period entirely out of harmony with your scheme of decoration. So, if you are following my suggestions for a modern room, the wisest course is to choose your accessories—curtains, lamps and shades—in plain, rich colors, with simple trimming or edging in a contrasting shade.

In draperies, for instance, there is a wide range of materials that come in several qualities at different prices, in which you can get lovely plain colors. There are soft linens and glazed chintzes, that cost little and are very effective. Felt, for a heavier drapery, comes in mellow tones. The linens can be bordered with a rather wide band of contrasting color, or the second color can be used in a rolled edge, with the rods pulled through below a French heading. Sometimes, when this rolled edge treatment is used, the loops are made of the contrasting color and the rods drawn through them instead of through a heading.

A Modern Room

Because a single cushion out of key can ruin the special eye to the finishing touches—the lamps

This will make a simple and effective finish for the top. Plain color glazed chintz makes attractive curtains when it is pleated. It is crisp and the lights and shadows of the pleats result in a two-tone modernistic effect—something like the angles of a radiator. A radiator, by

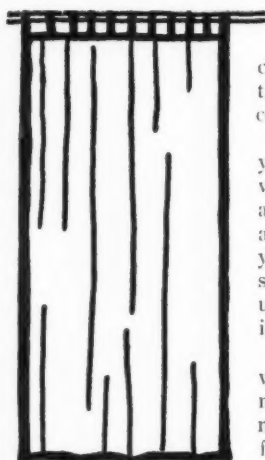
the way, is not a bad note in modern decoration, except when painted in silver or bronze. Another way to finish the chintz curtains is to scallop their edges and tie them back with bands of a contrasting color.

If you have a room that needs all the light you can give it, use a thin material, such as voile or Celandese. These materials wash well, are inexpensive and can be found in almost any department store or drapery shop. If you like, they can be had in prints that are suitable for a modern room—in designs made up of lines criss-crossed, broken or arranged in geometrical figures.

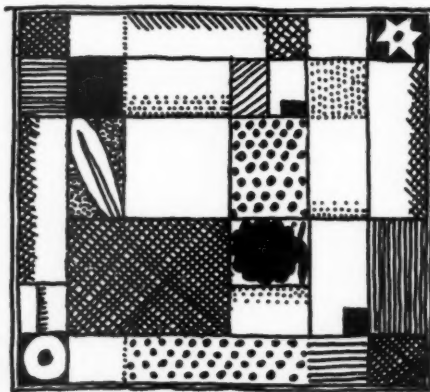
If you decide to have outside draperies as well as curtains, use a heavier material, like mohair. There are some attractive pointed mohairs on the market now, but don't look for the kind that has a plush surface. The mohair of which I am speaking is the sort you see more often in the cushions of reed and wicker furniture, and it is nicer for draperies than the plush variety which has

no modern note in it at all.

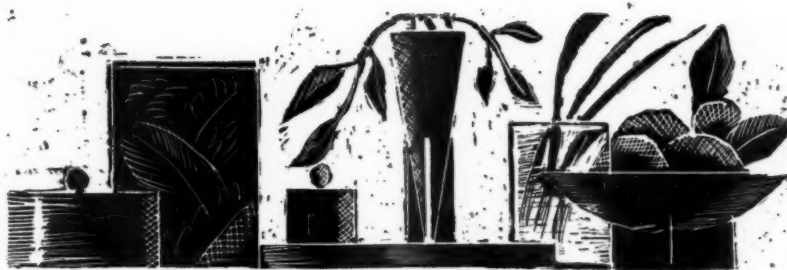
If you are ambitious and energetic, you can make patterns as lovely as those on the figured materials in the



When the rolled edge treatment is used, it is nice to have loops for the rod



An appliqué of pieces of felt, one over the other, can be worked into an interesting modernistic design



Illustrations by the author

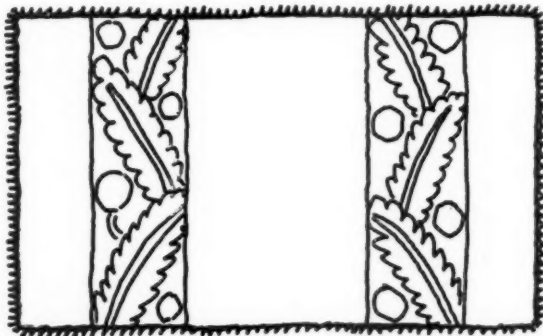
for a Modern Girl

whole effect of your modern room, you must give a and the hangings, the pottery and the pillows

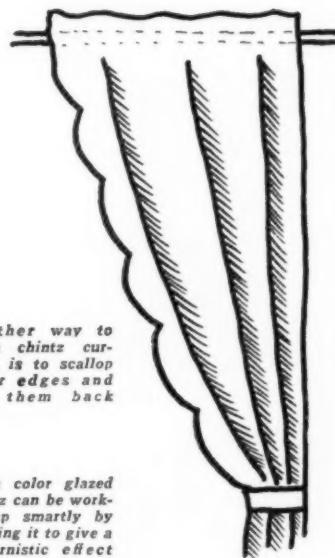
shops by making linoleum blocks and printing them on plain linen, which is being used a great deal now by interior decorators. The process is just as that used when a book plate or Christmas card is made from a linoleum cut, only you print on the material instead of on soft, colored paper. By doing this you have the satisfaction of knowing that your curtains are absolutely original, as well as of getting an expensive hand-blocked curtain for a very small amount of money.

The principles for making up successful pillows for your room are the same as those that apply to curtains. But with pillows you can indulge in a little embroidery in wool, or an appliqué of pieces of felt—one over the other—or both, if you know how. But don't combine textures that can't harmonize, such as satin and wool, because the effect is always incongruous. And don't use any old fashioned brocades, or any gold braid for edging, for these materials are out of place in the room I have been describing.

As I suggested in an earlier article, a woven fabric, the color of your rugs, would be good for the cushions of your day bed. You might edge the pillows with another shade of the material. Another excellent cushion covering is the thin, oil-cloth-like material called "fabrikoid". It looks, when made up, like glazed chintz, and it sheds water like oilcloth. This fabric would be suitable for covering the cushions of the low reading chair as well as the day bed which were illustrated in the article that appeared last month.

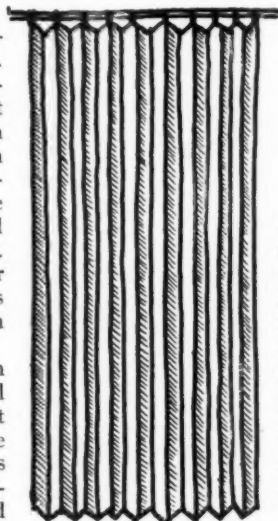


The principles for making pillows are the same as those for curtains, only here you can indulge in a little embroidery in wool



Another way to finish chintz curtains is to scallop their edges and tie them back

Plain color glazed chintz can be worked up smartly by pleating it to give a modernistic effect



For lamps, it is safest to choose pottery or glass, and to avoid the extreme and sometimes weird looking lamps that are offered in the stores as "modernistic". About eighty percent of these are very bad, and were made by people who think that anything in a lamp which is triangular or jagged like lightning is modern. A nice old glass bottle, or a simple shape in pottery is much more modern, and more suitable and charming in a modern bedroom. The shades, of course, you should make yourself.

To do this, cut your cloth or paper a little wider than the wire frame foundation you are using. The length of the material should be two to three times the diameter of the frame, depending on how closely pleated you wish it to be. Then dip the piece of paper or material in wax and pleat it, and make holes with a punch about an inch below the top and an inch above the bottom of the shade. Through these you pull a silk ribbon or a cord. Punch half holes exactly where the wire of the frame touches the shade at the top and bottom. Then, when the pleated paper or material is pasted together and you slip it over the frame and draw the ribbons tight, the half holes will fit over the wire and the shade will stay firmly in place. Sometimes, when the material used is stiff enough, it is possible to make a pleated shade without any frame at all. Plain, unpleated parchment shades are excellent, too, and sometimes they can be decorated, if the design used is not too realistic.

All these accessories add the final note of distinction to your room. And you will be safe in choosing things that are practical and simple, with a small amount of decoration.

The Beacon

Frances didn't expect such high adventure when she answered that advertisement, but she met it in the little house on the dunes

THE bus rattled over a sunny shell road, leaving clouds of whitish dust to be blown inland by the sea breeze. Palmetto Beach was miles behind and at three other stations passengers had alighted. Cottages became more and more scattered. Miles of lonely dunes were passed. Ragged palms and misshapen camphor trees bore evidence of the ceaseless wind. Frances Connely took off her hat to let the sea breeze blow through her hair, and breathed deeply of the pure and invigorating salt air.

Beach, Florida". Frances read the clipping over again.

This had seemed the ideal opportunity for the kind of summer Frances needed most—a change of air while earning money for next winter's school expenses. Again she glanced over the two letters received from Mrs. Hinman, in which rates were discussed and definite plans made. "The afternoon train reaches Carlton in time for you to catch the last bus to the beach," Frances read once more. "I will meet you at Station Seven, so watch for me there."



This was the last bus that would make the rounds of stations that day. Frances wondered if she could find the Hinman cottage if no one was at Station Seven to meet her. Until the last few minutes the whole experience had seemed a great lark. Surely there would be lots of fun in spending the summer on the beach as companion of a girl almost her own age. But what a forlorn and deserted coast this was! The bus often went miles without passing a house. In order to reassure herself, Frances took out the little advertisement she had answered and her letters from Mrs. Hinman.

"Wanted: High school girl for companion during summer months. Only one with best recommendations need apply. Mrs. Lawrence Hinman, Station Seven, Palmetto

Three times she signaled the call for help with the searchlight, using a rubber sheet as a blind

After this she felt a little reassured. She dabbed a bit of powder on her nose and ran a comb through her hair. At Station Six two passengers left the bus and one got on. As a tall woman came down the aisle, Frances' gaze was instinctively drawn to her.

"Are you Frances Connely?" asked the stranger. Her words were hurried, her manner excited.

"Yes. Are—are you Mrs. Hinman?" asked Frances, half rising. Surely there was no one else on the beach who knew her name.

"Yes." Then the lady sat down by Frances. "There's very little time," she began hurriedly, "that's why I went

Illustrations by
Walter
Stewart

Almost immediately the speed of the approaching ship slackened. They were coming in answer to her call!



By RUBY LORRAINE RADFORD

to drive you out in our old buggy. I'll mail you some word tomorrow."

If Frances had known what she was to face before that tomorrow she never would have left that bus with so light a heart and such anticipation for the new experiences before her. There were hurried last words from Mrs. Hinman as they parted, the flurry of getting baggage transferred to the buggy, and old Amos bowing to his mistress as she waved from the moving bus. Then, before Frances had time to adjust her thoughts to this unexpected situation, she was being driven along the most

down to Station Six—so I could have a few minutes to talk with you."

"But I'm on my way to your house now," said Frances very much mystified at the lady's words.

"I know, but I'm taking this bus for Carlton. An hour ago I received a message that my father is very ill. I don't know what I should have done if you

had not been coming on this bus—with my child helpless back there on Breakers' Point, and my father needing me!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Frances. "Anything I can do, I will."

"Of course you will, child. I knew from your picture and your letters that you were trustworthy. Any girl who has paid her way through three years of high school ought to be dependable. The only thing you can do is to stay at Breakers' Point trying to cheer Constance till I get back. Old Amos and Aunt Patsy are there to do the work, but you'll be in the house alone tonight. I hope you aren't a nervous or scary kind of girl—"

"Oh no, not in the least—I—"

"Then don't let Constance upset you. She has absurd notions in her head since she broke her leg. That's why I couldn't bear to leave her alone with Aunt Patsy. You'll cheer her, I'm sure."

"Oh yes, we'll be all right," said Frances, anxious to console Mrs. Hinman, who looked distracted as she spoke.

"We're getting to the station now. Uncle Amos is waiting

desolate beach road she had ever seen. Endless miles of dunes, endless reaches of sky, endless tumbling waves stretched about them.

The old Negro on the front seat of the quaint buggy was silent and respectful. He spoke only to answer questions as the lonely miles slipped behind. A car would have stuck many times in the heavy sand through which the faithful horse pulled them. Finally they crossed a corduroy road, evidently covered at flood tide, circled a wind-rippled dune and came within sight of the house. It was a quaint little beach cottage built where a rocky promontory protected it from northern gales.

Aunt Patsy greeted them at the little stone steps. She helped with the bags, and showed Frances to her room. "Soon as you're ready, honey, Ah'll take you to Mis' Connie," she said. "Dat chile's 'bout bustin' to see you." Frances stopped only to wash her face and hands and smooth her hair, then she followed Aunt Patsy across the hall to the big living room.

Constance Hinman proved to be a sweet-faced girl of fourteen, of a ruddy, robust type, but looking rather pale after two weeks in bed with a broken leg. Her cot had been placed in a windowed alcove where she could look out over miles of beach and sea.

At Frances' entrance, Constance stretched out her hands eagerly. "Oh, you are here at last!" she cried. "I thought you would never come."

More than a cordial greeting was in her manner. There was tenseness, nervousness as though Frances were needed for some urgent purpose.

"It's lucky I could come today, since your mother was called away. I'm sorry her father is ill," said Frances.

"I don't believe he's ill."

"Not ill—what do you mean?"

"It's only a trick to get her away."

Frances suddenly had strange misgivings. "Now, Constance, what makes you think that?" asked the older girl in a soothing tone.

"I hope you're not going to call me Constance and treat me as though I'm talking out of my head as Mother does!" exclaimed the child pettishly. "Oh, how I've wanted you to come—prayed for you to come in time—for—for I can tell you. They said they'd take me off on a ship if I told Mother, so I promised I wouldn't, but I didn't promise not to tell you and now I'm going to tell you all about it."

"Tell me what?" asked Frances, sitting down on the side of the cot and taking Connie's hand and patting it.

"About the men I saw the day I broke my leg. One of them came back this afternoon and peeped through the window after Mother left. I didn't dare tell Aunt Patsy. She's so superstitious she might go off and leave us all alone."

"Tell me all about it," encouraged Frances.

"Oh, you're so kind!" exclaimed the girl, suddenly squeezing her new friend's hand. "And you're just the way I hoped you'd be—understanding. One day I was on those high rocks—you can just see them yonder."

Frances looked towards the very tip of Breakers' Point, a mass of ragged rocks surrounded by a limitless expanse of sea. Against the saffron evening sky a white-winged gull was poised, and over the black boulders white-crested waves tumbled restlessly.

"I love to go there to watch passing ships," Connie was saying. "They come quite close to Breakers' Point. There's a beacon half a mile south that guides them. You'll see its light a little later."

"And when did you see the men?" asked Frances, eager to learn what had so frightened Connie.

"I was out on the point that afternoon and suddenly I heard voices behind a big rock. They were saying something about the *Sea Gull*—that's my dad's ship. They spoke of beacons and running on bars, but the wind was coming in flaws and I couldn't hear everything. Then all of a sudden they moved around the rocks and saw me. My, but they were furious! Honestly, I thought they might kill me. They said if I told Mother what I'd heard they'd come and take me away on their ship. I was so scared I promised I wouldn't tell, then ran away as fast as I could. I looked back and saw them getting in a boat. Right after that I fell and broke my leg. Uncle Amos found me."

"And you think they were planning something wrong?"

"Looks that way."

They were so furious when they discovered me, that they shot fierce glances at me."

"Did you know them? Have you no idea who they are?"

"Never saw them before. They looked like sailors."

At that moment Aunt Patsy appeared in the doorway and asked, "Does you want your suppah serbed in de dinin' room, Mis', or right in here wid Mis' Connie?"

"Oh, please have it in here with me," pleaded Connie.

"I think that would be nice. Then we can watch the sunset colors and sea from the window."

When Aunt Patsy went out Connie said, "We could have such a lovely time together if I weren't so miserable—always wondering if those men meant harm to Dad's ship. During the day I'm almost scared to take my eyes off the sea for fear his ship will come in and run on the rocks."

"Let's hope there's nothing to worry about," said Frances with an indifference she did not feel. While Aunt Patsy arranged their tempting supper Frances chatted gayly of books and magazines she had brought and of her plans for their summer together. But all the time an undercurrent of uneasiness ran through her mind. Could it really be possible that Mrs. Hinman had been enticed away from home by some false message? Where was the man who had peered through the window during the afternoon? The old Negro couple could not be of much assistance in an emergency. And Breakers' Point was as cut off from the outside world as an island. But Frances determined to face the situation as best she could. After supper she had

Aunt Patsy make up a cot bed in the living room for her.

"You'll like someone sleeping near while your mother's away," she said, and was repaid by a grateful look from Connie.

Before closing the front door after the old couple had gone to their cabin for the night Frances noted that clouds had overcast the sky. She paused a moment gripped by the unbearable loneliness of the place; surf murmured in the distance, while nearby dunes shifted their forms with seeping sounds. Frances nervously locked the door and returned to the cheery light of the living room.

Selecting a book she began reading to Connie, but found it impossible to keep her mind from uneasy speculations. Connie, too, was evidently preoccupied, for presently she

interrupted to say, "See—there's the beacon—off south. How clear it shines through the cloudy night!"

They watched the glowing light a moment, then returned to the story. Presently Connie dropped into a doze and Frances let the book slip to her lap. She tried to shake off the eerie feeling that someone was watching. Turning restlessly,

she peered into the dimly lighted corners of the room, then sat watching a lone moth circling around the oil lamp. Wind was rising. Blinds rattled and shivering sounds went rippling through palm tops outside and over the shifting sands, making Frances think of stealthy steps.

(Continued on page 46)



She suddenly stood still. A man was stepping through the French window!



A luscious strawberry and a cool slice of orange, put into each glass when the punch is served, will add greatly to its appearance and flavor

When You Have a June Party

Whether it is your class dance, a garden party or a Girl Scout tea, a cool fruit punch and little cakes make delicious refreshments

THE ORCHESTRA gives that absurd little twiddle that means the dance is over and won't be encored, so everyone begins to drift in one direction, to the punch bowl. And if it is fruit punch, cool and refreshing and sustaining, and just a little tart, a warm evening may be danced away most pleasantly.

All entertainment committees know that good punch is an important feature of a successful dance. So whether they are planning an informal high school dance or the senior ball, a party at home or that serious collegiate undertaking, the formal house dance, they wrinkle their brows considerably over the problem of what kind of punch to have and who shall make it.

While it is almost as necessary to have punch at a dance as to have an orchestra, there are lots of other occasions, particularly during the warm summer, when it is a boon. For instance, if your troop is having a party, or entertainment, or a reception to show off your Girl Scout Little House, cold fruit punch and delicious little cakes will be a simple and light refreshment. If you are going to have a special day for parents to visit you at your Girl Scout camp this summer, they will enjoy the cool fruit drink

By WINIFRED MOSES

after their drive out from town.

Then what kind of punch shall it be? Something cool and refreshing and delicious and good to look at. Harlequinade punch answers this description, and by multiplying by four the recipe given below, you can make a sufficient quantity for fifty to sixty people.

Harlequinade

5 pounds rhubarb	1½ dozen oranges
3½ pounds sugar	2 quarts canned pear juice
6 quarts water	1 quart pineapple juice
3 dozen lemons	1 quart plum juice
1 bottle ginger ale (about one-third as much as punch)	

Wash and cut up the rhubarb. Peel the oranges thinly and add the peel. Add the sugar, and water just to cover. Put in the oven and cook slowly. Pour into a jelly bag and allow it to strain overnight. Squeeze the oranges and lemon and strain. Add the rhubarb juice, pear juice, pineapple juice and plum juice and mix well. Put a large block of ice into a punch bowl. Add slices of cucumber. Pour the

(Continued on page 45)



"Yonder," is where the Girl Scouts from Camp Lokamaga, Minnesota, plan to take a hike

IT IS almost camping time, and so the hiking season is in full swing. Everywhere Girl Scouts are getting together duffel bags and flashlights and woolen stockings and trying to remember from last summer how to roll a blanket neatly, and they are saying to each other, "It's whole weeks till school is out and camp is open, so let's go on an overnight hike!"

So on hillside trails and little brown dirt roads, Girl Scouts are hiking along. Some of them were out months ago, even before the first robin lighted on the lawn and long before the first hepaticas or spring beauties or mountain crocuses braved the chilly spring. And now that summer is really here, all warm and green, there have been enough of these excursions to bring back last summer's handiness at getting the little wood fire going and cooking without pots and pans. It is thrilling to find that what you learned about the birds and plants and trees last summer at camp has still stayed by you, now that you are taking up their stories again at a new season.

Overnight hikes are fun

But "a good camper leaves no trace"

Members of Troop Twenty-nine in St. Louis, Missouri, went on a memorable hike, and Melba Schmitt writes of it:

"Girls, don't you think overnight hikes are great? Several of us set out for an overnight hike. We first selected a good camp site, so that when we arrived, we all knew just what to do. Some chopped firewood, others prepared supper, and still others erected camp conveniences. The meal, when ready, was delicious: hunter's stew, toast, iced cocoa, and 'some-mores.' Don't just the words make you hungry?"

"After our meal we had a council fire. We sang original songs as well as the Girl Scout songs you all know. Before

Over the Hills and

Girl Scouts follow the road, glimpsing deer reading weather signs, and finding their

it seemed possible, bed time came around. If it hadn't been for the mosquitoes, no doubt we should have slept peacefully through the night. But they serenaded and tormented us for a time. Each girl had her own way of avoiding them. As for my partner and myself, we wrapped our heads in towels. We resembled Egyptian mummies. You can imagine what a funny lot we were.

"When the sun rose next morning, we had a hearty breakfast. Then it was necessary to pack up and leave our camp site. Of course, we tried to leave not a sign of camping behind on the site. 'A good camper leaves no trace.' Our good time ended all too soon."

"Then I flashed my light on—"

New Jersey girls have adventures

Sleeping the first time in just a tent is a great experience in the life of any girl, and Marion Hasbrouck, of Ridge Edge, New Jersey, tells of her troop experiencing that adventure.

"Our troop of Girl Scouts had planned to go on our first real overnight hike. We were in the midst of meeting the afternoon before when, looking out of the window, we noticed that it had started to rain. No one spoke, for our hearts had been set on going.

"When I awoke the next morning, I was almost afraid to open my eyes for fear it would not be clear, but it was a wonderful day. We were ready, of course, to start by ten o'clock, every girl brimming over with joy and enthusiasm.

"At twelve-thirty we were ready to eat our lunch, but as we were anxious to reach our destination, we did not

Scouts' pace, that is, run fifty steps and walk fifty. After walking for about a half hour or more, we reached camp.

"The captain told us that we should put up the tents and have everything ready for the night, before supper.

"About nine we had a lovely fire blazing, and merit badges were being given out, making every girl very proud. We enjoyed the campfire immensely, but soon we sang our goodnight song and crept into our cots which felt comfortable, for every girl was tired.

"I was sleeping when something startled me. I sat upright in bed and listened. It was as if something were trying to get into my tent. I got my flashlight from under my pillow and shook my friend Lucille and explained to her after a terribly hard struggle to wake her up. We went very cautiously and opened the flap of the tent and flashed the flashlight on the object, and what do you think it was? A skunk.

"Well, we laughed, laughed and laughed and held our noses. The other girls came running to find the cause. We explained, after which we were made to go back to bed until sunrise.

"After breakfast we planned to go home and go to Sunday School. When we reached home we related the story all over, of our overnight hike. At the next meeting four new members came to join. They said they never knew Girl Scouts did things like that."

The ballad of a hike

"No Trespassing" at White Plains

When the Girl Scouts of Troop Seven, White Plains, New York, got spring



A back-log fire and doughboys to cook on sticks before the coals is bliss for these Chicago Girls

pause to make any particular 'fixings'.

"After lunch we did not make such fine progress, for we were the least bit tired. We tried to lighten and brighten our journey by singing songs and to go

fever and went on a hike. Janet Furman made their adventure into rhyme, done in the spirit of an old English ballad. They sang it on the road as they hiked along and it certainly gave their trip

Far Away

*or fat prairie dogs,
way by the stars*

an added adventurous and romantic flavor. Here is how the jolly rhyme went:

A Girl Scout Hike

Once twelve Girl Scouts went on a hike—
The wind in volume grew!
It fanned their cheeks and blew their hair,
It made their fingers blue.

They found an old deserted house
And went in to explore,
A man came running up and said—
"Get out and come no more."

They saw a sign "No Trespassing"
Just after this occurred,
And when they told their leader so
She said, "That's what we heard!"

They walked past streams, they walked
past lakes,
They learned some nature lore;
But when they reached their homes again,
Their feet were mighty sore.

A special California hike

It took these girls into the desert

Overnight hikes are varied in different parts of the country. For instance, out in San Bernardino, California, where, for months on end, Girl Scouts do not have to be afraid that rain will spoil their plans, the Girl Scout Commissioner takes the second class Girl Scouts on an overnight camping trip into the desert. They go during the spring vacation when the lovely short-lived desert flowers are blooming, and they study the desert plants to be found everywhere.

Meet Mr. Alligator

A boat trip on Louisiana bayous

Most of us have heard of boat trips on the bayous of the South, and Jane R. Whipple of Cinclare, Louisiana, tells us of one taken by fifteen Girl Scouts.

She writes: "All the Girl Scouts made their blankets into rolls and piled them into the boat. We were to go down the river to Lake Maurepas and were all eager to get started. Finally, after much bustling, Captain Clare gave orders to depart. The weather was beautiful and nothing could be much prettier than the



Here is a road that invites the Girl Scout hikers of Colorado Springs and the surrounding country. Pike's Peak is farther away than it looks, and canyons and upland valleys lie between

bayous of Louisiana where the stately, moss-covered oaks hold their places among the beautiful cypress trees with palmettos and small brush growing at their feet; where vines hang over the branches and are reflected in the cool waters of little rivers.

"How we enjoyed ourselves! Once someone spied an alligator and everyone crowded over to see it; then again, we saw a huge snake coiled against the roots of a dead oak. We had dinner on the boat and then we came to the end of the Amite River and passed into the lake. It was so large that we could hardly see the edges; and near the mouth of the river were snags; dangerous snags, where any boat might be wrecked in a storm; but the boats were always warned, for there was a

lighthouse right there. We motored along a while and at sunset the boat was stopped. We had supper and went to bed.

"At daybreak the boat was moving again. Now we were not so quiet and began playing noisy games. When we landed we were just in time for dinner."

"When the salmon began to run" *Portland troops hike to Rocky Butte*

In Portland, Oregon, the Girl Scouts have intra-city hikes. Juanita Young of Troop One writes of their hike to Rocky Butte.

"Since there were so many of us, we were divided into groups. We went by way of the Grotto, a beautiful place

where anyone may go to worship in his own way. It isn't finished yet and isn't expected to be until seven years from now.

"After visiting the Grotto we were divided into patrols, each with a leader and from ten to twenty girls. We then started the climb. The trail was so narrow that we had to go single file, and so steep that if the trees hadn't been along the sides of it, we would have had an exceedingly difficult climb. As there were various paths which led to the top of the butte, the leading patrol put red ribbons on the trees, so that those who brought up the rear would be sure to follow the same trail. After climbing to a flat place, we stopped for lunch.

"Since the Greenwood Forest Troops had been in the habit of meeting when the salmon began to run, they decided to ask the other troops to join them for this special meeting and go clear to the top of the butte. Looking at the last lap from a distance, it seemed as if it were almost straight up and down, but those who decided to go, discovered that even though it wasn't that bad, it was muddy—just enough to make the trail slippery. Clinging frantically to the few bushes and small firs which were along the path, we struggled up to the top and proceeded with the program. Each patrol had selected a chief who had been given an Indian name. When the patrol's name was called, the chief responded by telling the story of their name.

"When we finally reached the car tracks, everyone remarked that since they had had such a wonderful time on this hike, they hoped that they could go on the one to Mount Tabor, the one after that to Greenleaf Hill, and the one after that to Macleay Park."

Bossy interrupts a hike *Connecticut girls study nature*

A similar hike was held by Girl Scouts of New Britain, Connecticut, a year ago.
(Continued on page 51)



These Girl Scouts of Westchester County, New York, are ready for the overnight part of their hike

Some Ahorse, Some Afoot



The Girl Scouts at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, only mounted troop in this country—did a tan drill in a horse show, so they thought it fair that all the horses should be in their gear.



"There is a better place to stop just a little ahead," says this Philadelphia Girl Scout. My girl who loves hiking knows the spell of the words and how far they can lead one in a day.

With wood to chop, a fire to tend, biscuits to bake and stew to make, everyone pitches in and gets the meal when the Girl Scouts of Topeka, Kansas, pause beside the trail for dinner (left).



A huge volley ball, a net and a grassy field provide the makings of a sprightly hour or two for the many girls who come to Camp Andree, the national Girl Scout Camp at Briarcliff Manor, New York.



ot Following the Trail



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In Chicago, Girl Scouts say that the most beautiful and solitary places to go hiking are among the great sand dunes when the blue lupin blooms



"Bending the bow" is a favorite pastime of the Girl Scouts at Cleveland, Ohio, many of whom are splendid marksmen

If you get up early you can find many kinds of birds in the tree-tops, say the Girl Scouts in Birmingham, Alabama





The new Margery Daniel Day Camp for Girl Scouts at West Palm Beach, Florida, has a truly tropical setting

A Camp Under the Palms

It is warm enough in Florida to camp all year and Girl Scouts there know the procession of the Equinoxes instead of Jack Frost

FLORIDA is, as everyone knows, an idyllic land where Girl Scouts can camp all

the year around. But in that level land of sunshine, palm trees, and shining waters, the camping is different than it is in the woods and hills where most Girl Scouts pitch their tents and tend their fires.

Camping in any part of this country is affected by special features of climate and nature of the country itself. Nearly everywhere, tents are adequate shelter—though in California, where no rain falls during summer, they are not used at all; and in the Southwest, Girl Scouts prefer to sleep under open sky, provided only that there is some shelter near at hand, in case of rare but sudden and brief downpours. In the primitive camp units in most places from the Mississippi eastward, small light tents are used unless, sometimes, shelters are made of branches.

But in Florida, there is no tent pitching at all, for in the summer the great tropical rains make tent-living impossible, and out-of-door cooking cannot be done; so it is during brief week-end trips during the warm winter that the Florida Girl Scouts learn to cook over campfires and sleep out-of-doors.

So the Girl Scouts of West Palm Beach are exceedingly proud of the Margery Daniel Open Air Camp, for it has been planned especially for their good times in relation to the summer and winter requirements of their climate. A Girl Scout director is in charge all the year around, and since the camp is only eighteen miles from the city, it can be used constantly by the various Girl Scout troops.

By THELMA MELLICK

The camp overlooks the Loxahatchee River at Hooey Point.

The river provides for swimming, and the countryside is full of interest for girls who are working on their nature badges. In fact, the first project the girls are undertaking is the landscaping of their camp grounds, doubly fascinating because so many lovely and decorative trees and plants can be grown with ease. And it is rumored that, with a slight chuckle at camps farther north that boast because they grow their own vegetables, the Florida Girl Scouts are quietly hoping to grow their own breakfast grapefruit and oranges. And, of course, they will have cocoanut palms and, perhaps, in the fullness of time, cocoanuts.

The camp building, a large T-shaped structure, is heavy-roofed against the sun, and has many broad windows to catch stray breezes. It accommodates fifty girls in its dormitories and there is also a very large and beautiful lounge with a small stage at one end, and at the other, the great stone fireplace, without which no Girl Scout camp building is complete. On nights when the warm rain comes down, the campfire will be held here. Between two of the shadier arms of the building will be a deep porch, an ideal spot for a siesta or tea—should tea be served in camp.

But lest anybody feels that the Girl Scouts of West Palm Beach have just been lucky in having such a camp given to them, it is best first to listen to the whole story. It begins three or four years ago when the Girl Scouts

(Continued on page 56)

Introducing
"SPORTSTER"
 The New and
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**GIRL SCOUT
 SHOE**

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Sizes: 2½ to 9
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THE "Sportster" Officially Approved Girl Scout Shoe has been expressly designed to meet the exacting requirements of Girl Scout activities *as well as for general service*. Every possible feature has been incorporated to make the "Sportster" Official Girl Scout Shoe the ideal shoe for foot comfort and foot health.

The sole is "Drisole"—flexible, unwaxed chrome-triple-tanned leather. It is non-slipping, water-resisting and exceptionally long-wearing. The heel is the new "U. S." Spring-Step—"Its Liveliness Lasts". Uppers are fine Agoos Brown Moose Tannage—comfortable and sturdy—with corded moccasin

vamp. See the illustration below for other special health and comfort features.

The "Sportster" Official Girl Scout Shoe is very attractively priced, and so smart in its appearance you will welcome it as a shoe *for general service* as well as for your scout activities.

For sale at all Authorized Girl Scout Department store agencies and at many of the better shoe stores. If you find it inconvenient to locate the authorized store in your neighborhood, send the coupon below to A. Sandler, *Girl Scout Shoe Division*, 144 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass., and you will be advised promptly.



A. SANDLER
Girl Scout Shoe Division
 144 Lincoln St.
 Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Date.....

Please let me know where I can purchase
 "Sportster" Officially Approved Girl Scout
 Shoes in my neighborhood.

Name

Address

City and State.....

My size is.....

To win a
Bird Finder's merit
badge you must:

"2 Make a careful study of twenty-five birds, that you have personally observed, using the observation sheets and coloring the drawings in the Note Book."

A real substitute for "salt" on the robin's tail

Of course you no longer believe that sprinkling salt on a robin's tail helps you catch him. But trying it probably taught you that by moving gently and *quietly*, you could get near him!

Girls, that's something to remember when you're earning your Bird Finder's merit badge. To really study

your feathered subjects, approach them *quietly* . . . on Keds.

Keds' soft, cushiony outer-soles carry you silently through the woods. And Keds special "Feltex" insoles keep your feet cool and comfortable.

Hints on Tints—Keds "Cleo" now comes in blue, jade, crimson and sand, as well as in black and white. Now your feet, as well as your ties, may display the troop colors!

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Theodora's Test

(Continued from page 9)

moved her out of her persistent gloom.

She maintained it throughout dinner and Dad's hearty congratulations. "So you beat the field to it, did you, kid?" After dinner she sat listlessly on the porch swing; suddenly she sighed.

"You're tired, aren't you, dear? It's been an exciting day. Why don't you go to bed?" said her mother.

Mother thought she was just tired! Theo sighed again. She said good-night, kissed each parent dutifully and went to her room. But there she sat at her window. And hunched against the window sill, her mother found her when she opened the door a little way, without knocking.

"What! Not in bed?" Her mother crossed the room and sat down beside Theo on the little window seat. She held a box in her hand. Theo's heart gave a great jump and her blood went singing through her veins. The crystals.

"Dad and I have been talking about what we'd give you for a commencement gift. We're proud of you, Theo—not that we didn't always know that you'd win that medal. Dad said to get you anything you wanted, within our means, of course. I thought first of those beads you've talked so much about, but now beads don't seem enough. Theo, I'm going to give you Great-grandmother Jenkins' locket!" And Mrs. Janeway's voice trembled with feeling as she said it.

"It's a sort of talisman in my family, you know. My mother and her mother before her were wonderful women. Theo. They were brave—and I want my girl—" But Mrs. Janeway had to stop there for weeping. She kissed Theo and slipped out of the room.

Theo let the box drop to the floor. She wept, too, until her pillow was wet. That fool locket! She'd grown up to a moderate amount of reverence for the locket which was interesting and set with pearls and had some old hair inside it, but to *possess* it had never crossed her longing! An old thing like *that*! To tell the girls she'd got a locket from her family!

The morning sun wakened Theo. The first thing she saw was the faded velvet box on the floor in a pool of golden light. She went to it and gave it a little kick with her bare toe. Then she picked it up and opened it. A ten-dollar bill was tightly folded under the locket.

Ten whole dollars—the crystal beads she'd seen in Carter's were only five! Theo executed a dance in the sun.

She dressed quickly, wanting, in a very normal way, to get at her breakfast, and also to hug her mother.

She stopped short in the act of pulling on a stocking. Why had Mother wept the night before? Theo had a moment of clairvoyance. Mother was an individual, like herself, with feelings locked up inside her—just as she had had to lock up her feelings of the day before. And, she, Theo, Mother's only girl, didn't know a thing about them! But maybe Dad knew. She asked him

Do you want a nice healthy tan instead of a blistery red skin this summer?—

after luncheon, her hand slipped through his arm as she walked a little way down the street with him. "Dad, has Mother ever wanted anything very, very much?"

"Your mother? Not that I know of—"

The excitement of Commencement Week failed to drive from Theo's mind that thought of her mother.

The dance crowned the week, of course. Theo wore her dress of mist and the moonlight crystals, and went with her mother and dad. And Deane Andrews asked her to dance. Deane didn't dance very well and when he suggested that they sit out the encores in the corridor, which was transformed beautifully with palms, she accepted gladly.

"Well, it's over, got our diplomas and everything—" Deane said.

"You'll be at State next year—" And now Theo caught a new tone in the boy's voice. A wistful, boyish tone.

"Won't you?" she asked surprised.

"No. You see if I go away it's going to leave my mother all alone. I can pay my tuition at the Glendale College here and have some over for living expenses and it won't be so hard for Mother—"

"But, Deane," Theo was aghast, "there isn't any football team at the Glendale College! Don't you know that?"

Deane jerked his shoulders straight. "Guess that won't hurt me. I can learn a lot more, maybe. Y' see, Theo, it was getting that medal started me thinking. You sort of have to live up to a thing like that—and I'm going to begin that way. Think of me when you're rah-rahing for the Blue and White at an exciting game."

"Deane—" Theo's voice was not quite steady. "Maybe—" But she did not finish.

After another dance, Theo told her mother she was ready to go home.

It was easier to think out sacrifices at night, especially when there was moonlight across the garden. *She'd* go to the Glendale College, just as Dad and Mother had always planned. Then *she'd* have money over for clothes. Mother wouldn't have to plan and scheme how to get her a new dress. Maybe, then, Mother could afford a maid to do the work. And what was more, she'd be *happy* about it, too.

She said nothing about her new idea. It was pleasant to carry her resolve a secret in her heart. July passed like other Julys, with tennis and swimming and picnics and the last two weeks down at the Lake where they always went on Dad's vacation.

Then one morning in August Mrs. Janeway said to Mr. Janeway: "Dad, we've got to think about getting Theo ready for college."

"Ready? Isn't she ready enough?" The warning little pucker came between Dad's brows.

"I mean—clothes. She'll need new clothes and a trunk and things—going to State College."

"But I'm not going to State College, Mother. I'm going here in Glendale, just as we always planned." It wasn't the way she'd rehearsed it and she hadn't

intended it should happen at the breakfast table. Why had her mother spoken!

"Not going?" Mother's voice held more than astonishment, more than alarm.

"Why, no. Haven't you always said I'd go to Glendale?"

"But, Theo! Not *now*. Not with that—that scholarship. That's what it is."

"Theo's got more sense than we credited her with, Mother," Mr. Janeway put in over the rim of his coffee cup. "Glendale's all right and Theo going there'll make it all right. It'll save a lot of money, too."

That was a familiar cue. "Mother, you can have a maid and—things, with what it would cost at State. Why, Mother!" For Mrs. Janeway abruptly had fled from the room.

When Theo carried out the breakfast dishes, her mother was standing by the stove. She turned. But she did not reveal the tear-stained face Theo expected. She was flushed and excited—pretty!

"Theo, shut that door!" And when it was shut: "Now, answer me honestly. Is this talk about your not going to State because you think we can't afford it, even with Steve Meredith's money?

Because if it is, I don't want you to say another word! You're going. We *can't* afford it. I mean, we can't, but we *will*. Oh, can't I make you understand? I've always fussed about pennies over little things and somehow all the big things that I've wanted got away, but I want *this* more than anything! I've— I've always dreamed about it for you. Going away—it's *different*. Theo, you'll go, won't you?"

Theo set down her cups hastily. This was a stage for which she was totally unprepared.

"Theo, that was what *I* wanted to do, and didn't. And they—my father and mother—would have managed it, somehow, if they'd known I *cared*—"

Theo knew, now. She hugged her mother and it was Theo who cried and her mother who laughed exultantly.

She met Deane the next day. There was a cool breeze, so they went canoeing.

She wanted to tell him that she was going to State after all, but then, he didn't know she'd planned not to go!

Presently Deane broke a prolonged silence with a half laugh. "You won't have to rah-rah for me, Theo. I'm going to State after all."

Theo jumped so that the canoe rocked.

"I told Mother and she wouldn't listen. She said it'd been a dream of hers right along. That it would break her heart if I didn't go. She said she'd get a kick out of living slimmer—just having me there. So that's that." And a shy, radiant smile broke over his face. "Deane! That's just almost what my mother said!"

"Aren't mothers funny?" The word was a caress on the boy's lips.

"Aren't they, though?"

And Theodora Janeway involuntarily laid her hand over Great-grandmother Jenkins' locket, hanging about her neck.



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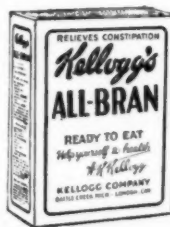
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To the pot-luck supper — take one of Heinz Varieties

The next time your "crowd" has a pot-luck supper you can't do better than take a jar or can of Heinz Varieties. There are 57 to choose from.

Heinz Cooked Spaghetti, made in the real Italian style, with sauce of garden-fresh tomatoes, zippy cheese and spices. Just heat and it's ready to serve. Or a glass jar of Heinz Spanish Stuffed Olives, carefully pitted and stuffed with Spanish pimienta, a mild, sweet red pepper. Or Heinz Peanut Butter in sandwiches—thin white bread slices, golden brown layer between, peanuts ground to butter smoothness, thick, rich, delicious.

The other girls will think they're really lucky when they take pot-luck with you.

57

H.I. HEINZ CO.-PITTSBURGH, PA.

Mary Ellen—Archery Promoter

(Continued from page 21)

That night I called up Mary Ellen twice and was told she wasn't home. The next morning at breakfast I nearly dropped my cereal spoon when I unfolded the *Daily* and gazed upon this:

**PRESIDENT BIGELOW HAS NARROW
ESCAPE AT HANDS OF ARCHER
Arrow From Bow of Woman Student
Punctures Prexy's Hat
NO OTHER DAMAGE DONE**

There followed a half column story, with all the details. After I had recovered from the shock I rushed to the telephone.

"Hello," said Mary Ellen brightly. "Mary Ellen," I cried, shaking the paper, "have you seen the *Daily*?"

"I should say so; good story, what?" "Good story!" I gasped. "Do you realize the trouble it's going to make for you? I tried to stop Helen from writing it but she—"

"Don't give Helen the credit," interrupted Mary Ellen. "I wrote it myself." "You wrote it!"

"Sure," chirped Mary Ellen. "Didn't I know more about it than anybody else? And didn't I want to write some publicity for archery? And didn't I want to get somewhere on the *Daily*?"

"Gurgle!" That's the way my answer sounded. It was beyond me.

"Don't you realize," I sputtered, "that you'll probably be put on probation or possibly expelled for that little stunt?"

"Which little stunt," asked Mary Ellen, "shooting that hat or writing that story?"

"Writing that story," I said hoarsely. "The plugged hat was an accident but the story was not, and it may mean—"

"But the night editor thought it was great," protested Mary Ellen.

"Now, see here," I began severely.

"How can I," inquired Mary Ellen, "over the phone? Why, it's impossible."

I could see that there was no use in arguing further, so I mumbled a few words and hung up. I couldn't make it out. What should I do? . . . I finally came to the conclusion that I'd have to talk to Mary Ellen herself.

And that afternoon, as we sat in the Den drinking a couple of sodas, I did. After talking about probation and expulsion and the possibility of a permanent ban on archery at Danford, Mary Ellen began to worry.

"What shall I do, Bob?" she asked. I did my best to laugh easily. "Oh, it'll be all right," I tried to assure her. "I don't want you to worry about it; I only wanted you to stop treating this thing as a screamingly funny joke."

"But," pressed Mary Ellen, "I realize now that what you say is true, and I'm beginning to be afraid. What shall I do?"

"Nonsense," I said. "It'll blow over."

"I wish I could believe you." A worried expression crossed her face.

"Forget it, old scout," I laughed. "Don't take it so to heart. You did get on the front page, and not many women reporters do, on the *Daily*. And as for the hat; that's the least important thing."

But the damage had been done, and to make matters worse, the next day's paper took up the hue and cry with a vengeance. Two out-of-town papers carried Associated Press stories about it, and archery and hats and Mary Ellen were splashed all over the campus, and were received with enthusiasm.

Mary Ellen was nearly distracted—and so was I, for that matter.

In the meantime Dr. Bigelow had not been unaware of the stir, for Mary Ellen phoned me the third day after and informed me in a rather panicky voice that she had been asked to come to the president's office.

"Bob," she implored, "please go down with me. I'm scared to death. What do you suppose he'll say? What shall I do?" "Whoa!" I said. "Take it easy! He won't bite you. I'll go with you and you just tell him you're sorry."

We were both nervous when we walked into the president's outer office that afternoon, but I tried to hide my feelings.

"Dr. Bigelow will see you now," said the secretary almost immediately after we had sat down. Mary Ellen jumped while I dropped back into my chair. I strained to catch some sound from within the sanctum. There was none—no roaring as of hungry lions, but I realized with a sinking heart that Dr. Bigelow could do just as much damage

in a low voice as he could by turning on the fireworks.

Then a buzzer sounded. The secretary opened the president's door a few inches.

"Will you leave the door open, please?" said Dr. Bigelow. "It's warm in here."

I couldn't see but I could hear much.

"Umm," said Dr. Bigelow's voice. "Miss Scott, I'm afraid I can't do it."

"Oh yes, you can, Dr. Bigelow," Mary Ellen seemed to be pleading.

"No," said the president. "I'm entirely too old to be an archer."

I gasped, and just then both of them appeared, Mary Ellen grinning.

"I want to thank you also," the president went on, "for putting archery on its feet here. Miss Hackney was telling me that all the classes are filled to capacity. And as for my hat," he smiled, "it was only a very old one that Mrs. Bigelow hated."

Yes, sir: whenever anyone on the Danford campus says "Mary Ellen Scott" and "archery" in the same breath, it's good for a hearty laugh.



OLDEST SON: "I am the son and heir!"

YOUNGER SON: "Then I'm the moon and stars!"

Graceful frocks in checks for all summer sports are popular this year—

Going to College?

(Continued from page 25)

democratic than women's colleges—particularly those in the East. Democracy in large universities means:

There are thousands of students with the same interests, the same classes and pretty much the same abilities.

Nobody has time to ask you whether your father is the button king of Peoria or the ashman of Little Falls.

You will stand or fall on your own merit—every girl equal.

It won't make much difference in your social standing whether you have come from a private girls' school or a public high school.

If you do go to a university from a boarding school, you will have one advantage over the average high school graduate. You will probably have learned how to study.

The one undemocratic feature of these colleges is the woman's fraternity. (In many places, sororities with national charters are called women's fraternities.) Some members of these fraternities announce very firmly that the aim of the organizations is highly altruistic. And it is true that many fraternities have done outstanding work in worthwhile activities. One of the most prominent of them supports a school for the poor whites in the mountains of the South. Many offer scholarships.

But whether it is always recognized or not, the immediate aim and the ultimate satisfaction that girls get from membership in women's fraternities is chiefly social. Fraternity girls are allied in a common interest. For the sake of the social, and less often, the academic standing of their fraternities, the girls work hard for an attractive house, a congenial group of initiates and pledges, a respectable academic standing, and a group of members who are outstanding in campus activities.

Girls are usually pledged to women's fraternities in one of two ways. Relatives or friends of active members or alumnae of the fraternity concerned are recommended for membership by letter to one of its active chapters.

Usually, however, girls are pledged to fraternities in a much more casual way. You will see that many older girls you meet are wearing fraternity pins. And you will also see that they are looking you over much as a careful housewife inspects fresh tomatoes before she purchases them. They will watch you to see how you talk, how you dress.

You will probably then be asked to go to a fraternity party where you will have a good time and eat good food and be inspected by the other members. You may later be invited to join.

There is much opposition to both men's and women's fraternities. Some people say they encourage cliques and are undemocratic, and there's a good deal of truth in the statement. Others say that fraternities take up too much of their members' time and have artificial standards for membership.

Knowing the facts, it will be up to you to make your final decision. But

(Continued on page 43)

HAVE MORE FUN IN HOODS



THE CHICKETTE

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Everybody says: "TAKE EXERCISE!"—For the same good reason—*pause and refresh yourself*



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The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

A special "get-acquainted" offer is open to new subscribers this summer—

Going to College?

(Continued from page 41)

you must realize that, in most universities, it's pretty hard going for a girl who isn't a member. But some girls really prefer to remain entirely independent and free to work out their own undergraduate salvation. And to just as many, not being invited to join a fraternity is a deep wound to their pride and self-respect. It's too bad that this should be so. But as our colleges are now run, both men's and women's fraternities occupy an important part of college life—often too important a one.

If you join a fraternity, you will receive much advice about many things partly because you're you, but mostly because any reflection on you becomes automatically a reflection on the fraternity of which you are a member.

You probably know few people at the university you've decided to attend. When you get off the train, unless you have friends in the university town, you will have to go by yourself to the dormitory assigned to you. When you arrive, you will meet at once the head of the dormitory, who will show you your room and answer any questions you may want to ask. In many universities, you will find that you are one of ten or more freshmen who have been assigned to an upperclassman. This girl—usually a junior or a senior—will give you your first introduction to the university. Through her you will meet other freshmen and upperclassmen. She will tell you where and how to register, to pay your fees, and what classes are held in what buildings.

As a rule, it is better to live for at least your freshman year in one of the large women's dormitories; this is by far the easiest way to meet a great many undergraduates. Your roommate is assigned to you, unless you have made other arrangements through the Dean.

In most universities there are also a number of private houses under direct supervision of the University where students may live. They are run in exactly the same way as the large dormitories, but it is more difficult to meet casually as many undergraduates as you will meet in the dormitories.

Your first weeks at the university are by far the most important to you. You will probably want to identify yourself with some of the outside activities that help to widen your contacts and your interests. There are many organizations for which you can "try out," and for most of these freshman try-outs, you first sign your name to a posted announcement. If you are interested in writing, you may want to try for a position on the university paper. If you are interested in athletics, you can "go out for" crew, or tennis, or the basketball team, or hockey. If you think you would like Y. W. C. A. work, most universities have an organization for which they need a large group of freshmen. No matter what your interests are, select *something* outside your academic curriculum that you think you will enjoy doing. If you find out later

that the activity you have chosen doesn't interest you as much as you thought it would, you will at least have come to know many more people than you otherwise would, and you will have the distinct advantage of being identified.

It's all too easy to lose yourself in the hundreds of other girls who are very much like you and who have interests much like your own. You won't mind being more or less alone and out of touch with the girls who are active in extra-curricular work if you can get what you want out of college better by going your independent and solitary way. Some girls are like that. If you are not sure whether you would like better to work alone than to work with people, at least try becoming active and identified with some group, if only to discover for yourself your own tastes.

But don't overdo it. You will have to use your head just as much in the intelligent regulation of your free time as in dissecting the well-known bullfrog—probably more. But it's a kind of challenge, and good fun if you make the most of yourself.

Clothes and Expenses

Most girls wear sports clothes more than any other kind for classes and during the daytime. University dances are usually informal—but there are a lot of them. You will need at least two afternoon dresses for these, and an evening dress for occasional formal parties. If you can have two coats, select one for sports and general wear, and another to wear in the afternoon or evening.

In addition to the cost of board and tuition, which you will find itemized either in the university catalogue or in a pamphlet issued by the office of the Dean of Women, you will need an outside allowance. This will vary, depending on whether the university is in a large city or a small town; whether you go out to meals a great deal or eat at home; whether you join a fraternity or whether you don't. The office of the Dean of Women of one large university suggests an average allowance of about four dollars a week. This is more or less arbitrary, however, and will vary greatly in different universities and with different girls.

If you can, however, try to have enough money to go through your entire freshman year without working. It will interfere seriously both with your classes and your outside activities if you have to earn money. Girls do finance themselves through college, of course, but they have to sacrifice much under financial worry and strain. If you must earn part of your way through college, try at least to wait until you are an upperclassman.

I hope you have a good time. Just as in any other activity or interest, so in college, you'll get out of it just about as much as you put in. And no one is more popular and has more fun than an enthusiastic freshman.



ANNOUNCING

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GIRL SCOUTS

THE National Board of Girl Scouts has officially adopted the Cantilever shoe pictured below.

They recommend this shoe to the active young girl of today because it is an admirable shoe for foot health and foot comfort.

This shoe is built over the famous Cantilever lasts which are scientifically designed to protect the foot and strengthen the arches. It is unlined. This eliminates the dangers of blisters and infections from wrinkled linings.

It is strong and sturdy, yet soft and pliable as an Indian moccasin. Miles of hiking—rough country roads—even mountain climbing, cannot harm this shoe.

There is probably a Cantilever store near you. The telephone book will give you the correct address. If not, please write to the Cantilever Corporation, 410 Willoughby Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

Official Cantilever
Shoe for Girl
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SHOES

It means five months of "The American Girl" for only fifty cents

Ready for a Drink?



"You're welcome. And it's the finest water in the world. I've been drinking it for 50 years."

CLEAR, cold water from an old-fashioned well looks mighty tempting on a hot day. One might naturally think that if the owner of the well drinks the water it must be pure. But the fact that he has drunk the water without apparent harm does not prove that the water is pure.

Science has discovered that a few individuals have been able to drink water more or less polluted with typhoid germs without contracting typhoid fever. But it is never safe for anyone to take immunity for granted.

Last year in the United States, approximately 65,000 persons were stricken needlessly with typhoid fever and 6,500 died.

Those who recover from typhoid fever are left in such physical condition that for about three years after an attack the deathrate of such persons is twice the normal rate for the same ages.

Why risk typhoid fever when it can be prevented?

The story of inoculation which prevents typhoid fever is a brilliant page in the history of the many triumphs of science over disease.

During the Spanish-American War, 281,000 of our men went into service. One out of every twelve contracted typhoid. In the World War there were 4,000,000 American soldiers, nearly all inoculated against typhoid. Although many of them were sent to typhoid-infected areas, only one out of every 3,700 had typhoid.

While typhoid fever frequently comes from drinking polluted water, it also comes from infected milk and various other contaminated foods, and from unsuspected "typhoid-carriers"—a few individuals who have recovered from the disease but who continue to carry the germs. When typhoid-carriers are employed as helpers in households, hotels or restaurants there is great danger that they will cause infection among those they serve.

Inoculations against typhoid fever are extremely simple and leave no scar. They protect from two to five years. Why take chances? Be prepared for your motor, camping and hiking trips this year. Go to your doctor for the protection he can give.

* * * *

Wherever cities protect their supply of drinking water from sewage or purify their water by chlorination the deathrate from typhoid drops. A marked reduction also takes place in communities where milk and food supplies are carefully protected and food handlers thoroughly inspected. But until this protection is general in cities, towns and villages and in country districts as well, typhoid inoculation is vitally necessary.

The Metropolitan will be glad to mail, without cost, its booklet, "The Conquest of Typhoid Fever," to anyone who requests it. Address Booklet Department, 69-X, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York, N. Y.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Jo Ann and the Jokes

(Continued from page 14)

Jo Ann and Wicky had a good time. They had had a good seat in the church, and they had two full rounds of refreshments, and went through the reception line three times. Finally Nell stood on the stairs and threw her bouquet, and she and Edgar Benwood rushed up the stairs, and the wedding was over.

"Come! Quick!" Jo Ann whispered to Wicky, for more than Nell and her husband had gone up the stairs. Tommy had gone up also, just after he had prevented Jo Ann and Wicky from getting near enough the stair rail to catch the bride's bouquet. Jo Ann led the way up the back stairs. Then they carefully laid their hats in Mrs. Bassick's bedroom and posted themselves at Tommy Bassick's door. Jo Ann held in her hand one of the large napkins that had done duty during the reception, and its use was already planned.

But, all unknown to Jo Ann and Wicky, downstairs Mr. Bassick's unusual joviality was being explained. No sooner had Nell and the others rushed up the front stairs than the front door opened and in filed six of the town policemen. Three stationed themselves at the front door and three at the back door, good-natured but ready for business and, outside, ten other policemen made a guard between the house and the car Edgar Benwood and his bride were to take. Mr. Bassick was having his own little joke.

This, of course, Jo Ann and Wicky knew nothing about. Hidden a little, they saw the door of Tommy Bassick's room open and the next moment Wicky had her arms around Tommy's coat, holding a pair of arms so they could neither push nor hit, and Jo Ann was binding the napkin over a mouth that had not had time to utter a cry.

"Quick, Wicky! Quick!" she cried. "You take his arms—I'll take his feet."

He did not kick much or struggle much—just some. They hustled their burden up the attic stairs and into the cedar clothes closet and locked the door of the closet and went downstairs again.

"Come on, Wicky!" Jo Ann said. "We'd better get away from here!" and they went to get their hats and went down the back way and out. One of the policemen grinned at them.

"All right, gurrlls!" he said. "Run along wid ye!" and they went home. In the house Wicky giggled.

"Jo Ann," she said, "how long are you going to leave Tommy in the closet? And won't he be furious!"

"And I think we're pretty good, to beat the whole navy," Wicky said. "Just two girls, and there were six of them—seven, if you count Tommy."

"Oh, well!" declared Jo Ann. "Two girls ought to be better than seven men any time. Are you hungry?"

"No, I'm stuffed," Wicky said.

"So am I," Jo Ann agreed. "It was good eats, Wicky. Can you see anything out of the window?"

"Nothing much," Wicky said, looking out. "Lots of automobiles there yet."

"Dot-dot-dash-dot . . . Fire!"—a thrilling story by Clarice Detzer—

"Well, let's see what's on the radio," Jo Ann suggested. "It was a lovely wedding, Wicky. And I think what we did to Tommy was the best part."

Jo Ann's mother came home an hour later to tell Jo Ann that she might stay at the Bassicks' all night.

"Poor Mrs. Bassick is so upset," she said. "They thought they had fixed everything so no jokes could be played, and Nell was kidnaped after all."

"Nell—was—kidnaped?" Jo Ann exclaimed.

"Yes, and they can't imagine how," said Jo Ann's mother. "Mr. Bassick thought he had planned so nothing could happen—policemen at every door and every one of the navy ushers watched every minute. And Tommy Bassick says—and so do the navy men—that Nell was not to be kidnaped unless Tommy was along when it happened and—"

"Did you say Tommy said?" Jo Ann asked, astonishment in her eyes.

"Yes. He went out and sat in the car they were going to use, and when they didn't come with Nell, he came in to see why. For a minute we thought he was Nell—"

"Thought he was Nell?" Jo Ann and Wicky exclaimed together.

"Yes, because we had planned that Nell, when she went up, should go to Tommy's room and put on a suit of Tommy's clothes—" said Jo Ann's mother, but she never finished.

"My goodness!" Jo Ann cried. "We kidnaped Nell!"

Half an hour later Jo Ann and Wicky were on their way home again.

"Jo Ann," Wicky said meekly, "that wasn't so suave, was it?"

"Suave?" said Jo Ann. "It didn't even begin to be suave. It was terrible!"



When You Have a June Party

(Continued from page 31)

liquid over this and let stand for about five minutes, then remove. Add ginger ale and stalks of fresh mint. Place the punch bowl in the center of a long serving table against the wall. Along the back of the table, you may place tall, lighted candles, and at each end a bouquet of flowers. Rows of punch cups should flank the punch bowl.

Another delicious drink that may be used at a dance or for refreshment on other occasions is:

Orangeade

- 15 oranges
- 3 lemons
- 2 quarts water
- 1½ cups sugar (or sugar to taste)

Remove the peel thinly from three oranges. Add this with the sugar to one pint of water. Simmer for twenty minutes. Mix with the juice from the oranges and lemons. Strain over ice and garnish with thin slices of orange, little cubes of pineapple or fresh berries.

Chocolate Drop Cakes

- 1 pint or 15 ounce can condensed milk
- 2 ounces chocolate cocoanut

Melt the chocolate over hot water, add the condensed milk and mix thoroughly. Stir in enough cocoanut to make a drop batter. Drop on buttered sheets. Bake twenty minutes in moderate oven.

Scottish Fancies

- 1 egg
- ½ cup sugar
- ¾ tablespoon melted butter
- 1 cup rolled oats
- ¼ teaspoon vanilla
- ¼ teaspoon salt

Beat the egg until light. Add the sugar gradually and then stir in the remaining ingredients. Drop the mixture by teaspoons on thoroughly greased baking sheets one inch apart. Spread into a circular shape with a case knife, first dipped in cold water. Bake in a moderate

oven until delicately brown. Remove at once. If there is difficulty in separating the last ones, set the baking sheet in the oven again for a few minutes.

Cocoanut Crisps

- 2 eggs
- ¾ cup sugar
- 1 cup cocoanut
- ¼ cup chopped raisins
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- pinch salt
- 4½ cups cornflakes
- ¼ cup chopped nut meats

Beat the eggs until light. Add sugar and beat into the eggs. Fold in the cocoanut, salt and vanilla. Crush the cornflakes with a rolling pin, mix with the nuts and raisins and stir into the mixture. Drop in spoonfuls on buttered baking sheets and bake in a quick oven until light brown. Remove with spatula.

For more elaborate refreshments one may serve fruit punch, cakes, and end with an ice. Raspberry ice is delicious.

Raspberry Ice

- 1 quart raspberries
- 1 cup red currants
- 4½ cups sugar sirup made as above
- juice of 2 lemons

Mash the raspberries and currants and put through a strainer. There should be one and one-half cups of pulp. Mix with the sugar sirup and lemon juice and freeze as directed above.

You may use any fruit juice or combination of fruit juices for the ices, in fact, concoct your own recipes. The lemon juice is added to bring out the flavor. If you want to change your ice into a sherbet which has, by the way, a smoother, fluffier texture than an ice, just add a teaspoon of gelatin soaked in two tablespoons cold water. Stir this into the hot sirup or soften it over hot water before adding to the fruit juice or pulp.

Grape juice, pineapple juice, apricot or peach pulp, all make delicious ices and sherbets for summer party refreshments.

Modern Brides give their hands Beauty Care in the dishpan

Here is a "tip" for all home-making girls—from a group of modern brides in 11 big cities, who recently told us their home-making plans.

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NEW YORK

The Beacon

(Continued from page 30)

She rose and closed the hall door. On turning back to the room Frances suddenly stood still as a man was stepping through the long French window opening on the terrace.

"Don't scream!" ordered the man.

"What are you doing here?" retorted Frances indignantly.

"I've got a little job for you."

"Don't do whatever it is!" cried Connie from her chair. "Don't! He's the same man I saw on the rocks."

"What do you want here?" asked Frances, forcing herself to calmness.

"Now we're gittin' down to business," said the man. "We've some work out there beyond the rocks and we need a bright light from your attic window."

"Is that all?" asked Frances.

"That's all," stated the man, turning to pick up a bulky object he had deposited near the window. "But if that light goes out any time during the night I'll come back here and take both of ye off on my boat."

Suddenly he stepped to the window and called in a low tone, "All right, Jed." A second man entered by the window and the speaker continued, "You keep an eye on these two while I fix the light."

Without further explanation he went into the hall and they heard him climbing the narrow stairs to the attic. He was not there many minutes before Frances saw through the window a reddish light flashing brilliantly across the dunes. The man returned.

"Now, remember what I said," he warned. "If that light goes out, you two go off with me. No use callin' the servants. They've both had a dose o' chloroform that'll keep 'em sleepin' till daylight."

With this the darkness of the night swallowed him.

"I knew that was a false message to get my mother away from home," whispered Connie.

"I don't understand," said Frances.

"They wouldn't be so secret if there wasn't something wrong," said Connie.

Frances crossed the room to close the window left banging in the wind. She paused a moment to peer into the dark.

What was missing? The beacon! Not even the faintest ray was visible now.

"The beacon's gone out!"

Connie lifted her head from the cot and peered through the window. A more anxious look came into her face. "It's always been there," she said uneasily.

Suddenly Connie turned to Frances, tense excitement in her voice, "Oh, oh, we must do something right away! I understand now what they're doing."

"Understand? What?"

"They've covered the beacon and put a light in our window like the beacon."

"Why?"

"Maybe to make ships run on the rocks, I don't know. And Dad's ship may come in any time! Oh, Frances, what shall we do?"

"Take the light from the window. We'd be murderers if we kept it there."

"But those men said they would carry us away—then we couldn't do anything if a ship did need help," said Connie. "I think I understand it all now. Our attic window is about the height of the rocky bar where the beacon is."

Frances' head whirled with the strange confusion of events that had occurred since her arrival at Breakers' Point. "Why should anyone want to wreck a ship?" she asked desperately.

"Frances, with this light replacing the beacon, ships bound for Carlton will turn south a half mile before they should, and that's likely to make them go on some of those bars north of Breakers' Point."

"Not if I can warn them first."

"But how? What can we do?" cried Connie desperately.

"Have you a launch or row boat?"

"Both. But a ship could never see you on a night like this. They'd probably run right over you!" exclaimed Connie.

"Not if I take my strong flash and signal. We learned all sorts of light signals when I was at the Girl Scout camp last summer. You—you wouldn't be afraid to stay here alone?"

"Oh, no—we must do everything—" Connie got no further. Suddenly catching Frances' arm, she pointed with her other hand through the window. "Look, lights off shore now!"

"There's not a minute to lose," cried Frances. "Where's the launch?"

"At the end of the dock back of the house. Keep the attic light to your right as you go out. I imagine the men are on the point."

"It's higher there. Wind's from the south. They probably won't hear the motor. Don't use your flash till you're near the ship if you can help it."

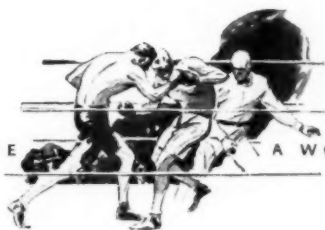
With these instructions, Frances slipped noiselessly out the back door. She found the launch at the end of a little dock. It proved to be larger than she had expected, and she was some time familiarizing herself with the machinery. Her hand touched a rubber sheet. Throwing this over her head and turning on the flash she finally got the engine started.

Soon her eyes were so accustomed to the night that sandy shore lines became visible as she passed along the narrow strip of Breakers' Point. Already the ship was drawing dangerously near. Frances dared not wait longer to send out her signal for help. She located the big searchlight of the launch and the next moment she had turned it on. Then with the big rubber sheet as a blind Frances began sending light signals to the ship. Three times she signaled the same call for help, leaving the strong light covered with a sheet in the interval. Almost immediately the speed of the oncoming ship slackened. Dark forms began moving hurriedly between her and the scattered deck lights. Was that a boat they were lowering now? Frances searched the sea behind for the small

(Continued on page 48)

"The Cow Jumped Over the Moon"—No, it isn't Mother Goose at all—

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ADDRESS

The Beacon

(Continued from page 46)

boat that had been trailing her. At last she located a dark motionless spot on the water. Perhaps they were afraid to come closer now. When next she looked at the big ship there was a small boat moving across the pools of light.

"What's the trouble?" called out a lusty voice as the ship's boat drew near.

"Danger for your ship."

"I'll be blown, mates, if it isn't a gal!" cried one of the sailors.

The boat came close now and Frances said, "Take me to the captain. There's a plan to wreck his ship."

Startled exclamations went around among the men. One reached out quickly and passed Frances a tow line. Then someone asked, "How do you know?"

"The beacon has been put out. That light you see is half a mile north."

That was enough. A few minutes later in the bright lights of the captain's cabin Frances Connelly told her story. So eager was the girl to discharge her duty and return to her anxious little friend that she scarcely paused for breath.

"I am Captain Hinman," suddenly stated the big man, reaching out and taking Frances' cold little hand. "You have more than saved my ship tonight, child. You have saved a big contract for my company."

"I don't understand," said Frances. "Connie thought perhaps these men only wanted to wreck the ship."

"They were playing for more than that!" exclaimed the captain, setting his jaw firmly. "These coast vandals are evidently employed by our rivals to do anything possible to delay us—even to wrecking our ship and possibly taking our lives."

Five minutes later Frances was returning to Breakers' Point with a half dozen sailors, delegated to protect the girls. The first things they did were to relight the beacon and remove the big light from the attic window.

The next day Mrs. Hinman returned. Just as the girls had surmised, her father had not sent for her.

"And did you get the contract, Dad?" asked Connie of the captain.

"Oh, we got everything," laughed the captain happily. "The government cutter captured the sea vandals and our firm captured the contract."

"Indeed we did," he went on, "and thanks to you girls. As soon as Connie gets rid of that cast, I'm going to take the three of you on a trip with me to Central America. We can leave about the middle of August and that will give us plenty of time for the trip before school starts."

"Oh, oh!" cried Frances. "We'd be willing to go through it all again to earn such a treat as that, eh, Connie?"

"I don't know," replied Connie dubiously. "It was awful lying here that night—not able to do anything."

"You were both heroines," said the captain jovially. "But I think luck was with us when Frances came in answer to that advertisement."

Julie Barton couldn't face dangers, and then a real crisis came—

The Strange Clock of the Hardscrabbles

(Continued from page 19)
written you live in this house?"

"Oh, no. There's just a crippled woman and her attendant who leases the other half on this first floor, the twin of mine. She stays in all the time except at week-ends, when she goes away to a little house she owns in the country."

"Each week-end!" exclaimed Beth. "When does the week-end begin?"

"She goes away Friday afternoon."

"Now, that's a clue!"

The Friday night of the thirteenth stroke arrived on leaden heels.

"It's—it's a p-perfect night," stammered Beth in her excitement.

"Hush!" warned Aunt Mary, pulling up suddenly. "Here we are! Even the shrubbery may be wearing ear-trumpets. Softly now, until we locate the break in this hedge."

Beth couldn't rid herself of the growing sensation that she was walking into some impending danger. She shivered, but shook the movement swiftly from her shoulders. She had never known a blacker night. The heavens were the color of iron; and the air was heavy with a sultriness that weighted down upon her like a tangible burden.

Her fingers now located the break in the hedge. She couldn't even hear Aunt Mary. Evidently she had already slipped through. She felt like a shadow as she crept through the opening. Suddenly her toe caught on something hard and serpentine. A length of bare root brought her crashing to the ground. It seemed to her that the noise of her fall rattled and echoed through the darkness.

She started to pick herself up, groping her way to an upright position. Her seeking fingers struck something soft and yielding, something that moved even as she did. The thing took on sinister shape and motion. She clutched at it.

Arms shot out and pinioned both her own helplessly against her sides. A whisper came, stern, sibilant.

"Hush! Don't s-s-sp-speak!"

Beth could see a menacing shape above her.

Quickly she flung her head back over her shoulder and whispered sharply: "Let me go, or I'll scream! Let me go, I say!"

Peremptorily she was flung far back against the hedge, until its cold bushes burst over her like water in some sudden plunge. Her whispered bluff had evidently alarmed the shadowy figure she'd surprised in the dark.

She wrenched herself free from the bushes, falling to her knees on the grass. Her toe again struck something. She dipped down and picked up a rubber. What was it doing there?

"Beth," came a whisper so close beside her that she jumped.

"Why are you lagging so?" queried Aunt Mary. "I've been waiting. Thought I heard sounds. Is something wrong?"

Beth gripped her aunt by the



hand and piloted her rapidly through the bushes to the waiting dark window. Miss Hardscrabble had obeyed the orders Beth had given her and was waiting without a light. The two crept in through the unlatched window, and Beth switched on the light as Abigail Hardscrabble came in from the hall. "We must whisper," Beth warned.

Swiftly she told them of the encounter in the dark. To corroborate the episode, she displayed the rubber—a man's!

"Why should anyone be wearing over-shoes this dry spell?" asked Miss Hardscrabble.

"As a protection against sound rather than moisture, as foot-pads," answered Beth. "And look!"

She poked out an object embedded in the heel. "This was driven firmly into the soft thick rubber."

On her palm lay a chip of gleaming, dull brown substance.

"Looks like a sliver from some of that new soft-glazed art ware," suggested Aunt Mary.

Beth frowned at it perplexedly. Then she glanced up at the tall, historic clock, which throughout its strange years had been the infallible prophet of approaching death for the eldest of the generation. She watched the time-piece, as it lazily ticked out the passing time. The clock hands stood at nine forty-five. There were still about three hours to go. It seemed an appallingly long time, keyed up as they all were. Abigail Hardscrabble began to knit nervously. Aunt Mary restlessly turned the pages of a book.

Odd how one mysterious omen could grip a family, turn them into credulous believers, like children fancying terrifying shapes in the dark. Only, this Hardscrabble bogey had invariably been a proved and tangible thing—*heretofore!* But this was *now!* Strange and uncommon factors appeared in these Friday night warnings, factors that Beth believed were capable of some sensible interpretation. Here was the crippled woman conveniently absent on Fridays. And here was that surprised lurking prowler.

A motor roared by with an open cut-out, shaking the house to its foundations. It had hardly passed by before—suddenly—the great clock throbbed out a long, sonorous, echoing stroke that cut the stillness like some sinister gong.

Three pairs of eyes flashed to the face of the clock. The hands stood at a few minutes before ten! Yet the clock had never been known to sound that thirteenth stroke except at midnight, after the usual twelve strokes!

The long echoes had scarcely stopped reverberating before Beth swung open the window and stepped out. Aunt Mary, slid after her and Miss Hardscrabble followed them a bit cautiously.

Beth clung to the shadows of the
(Continued on page 50)

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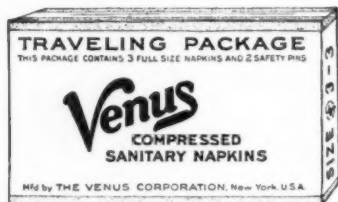
Read "High Trails" by Alice Dyar Russell next month

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The Strange Clock of the Hardscrabbles

(Continued from page 49)

house and stopped before the door of the duplicate, first-floor apartment. In the darkness they heard her fumbling. She turned the knob and went in and Aunt Mary and Miss Hardscrabble followed.

They entered a short, dark hall. Beth crept ahead, her hands touching the walls for guidance. She had carefully studied the plan of Miss Hardscrabble's rooms, so she knew the layout here.

She paused before the dark living-room, then opened the door, stepped in and pressed the electric light switch.

A tall figure jerked suddenly to attention. He had been stooping over some objects before the wall, which backed the other, behind the clock. In this partition a flap of paper had been torn loose into a tongue-shaped piece. The section was pinned up to reveal a hole dug through plaster and lath.

Books were piled about helter-skelter on the floor. A bookcase stood at an angle, empty of its contents. And the shape of the fresh, unfaded paper on this partition told that the bookcase normally hid by its full shelves the torn paper behind it. There was an oblong, wooden box and there were other objects which began to take on shape and significance.

With a gasp, Miss Hardscrabble cried: "Professor Danielman! Whatever are you doing here in the dark, with a hole in the wall—"

The man's eyes crept from one to the other. He stood speechless.

"I'll tell you what he's doing," said Beth. "I've been suspicious ever since his name appeared on both lists of those who answered your advertisements, Miss Hardscrabble. And he had approached you before you advertised."

"B-b-but—" stammered Miss Hardscrabble, "he's a clock antiquarian—"

"Just so. But, though he's an expert in such values, he offered you absurdly less than the colonial clock was worth—very much less. Professor Danielman didn't reckon on your advertising the clock. He expected to be able to frighten you into selling to him at any price."

"But—but—" "Look!" Beth indicated the object that he had been taking to pieces. "It fitted exactly between the walls. And the two inch hole in your plaster, Miss Hardscrabble, was covered only by its layer of paper. This paper-covered opening made an excellent mouthpiece for this clever phonograph horn. See, the plaster could even be fitted back into place again when he disconnected the horn. So tapping on your wall didn't reveal the hole in the plaster under the paper—"

"But—but—the thirteenth stroke?" persisted Miss Hardscrabble.

"That was simple. He probably first set a fresh record to catch the impression of any one of these long-drawn-out, leisurely strokes of the old clock. Then, Fridays at midnight, with the rooms conveniently vacated, he merely set up his machine and switched on the

Jellies and jams, conserves and marmalades—do you know how to make them?—

lever after the twelfth stroke. Thus, a startling and punctual thirteenth stroke followed, in the identical tone of the others. As soon as the vibration died out, he merely stopped the phonograph."

"B-but tonight the clock struck one at ten minutes of ten!"

"Poetic justice!" declared Beth. "The thirteenth stroke of his own manufacture proved his final undoing, just as he hoped it would yours! The professor evidently became apprehensive at the way events were turning out. The advertisement worried him. He couldn't possibly compete with the general run of antiquarians. So he'd planned all his hoax for nothing, and now he wanted to blot out all traces of the plot he'd been perpetrating."

"But his own ghost recoiled on him! As he groped about in the darkness, not wanting to use lights, he probably hit the lever accidentally. The single stroke rang out long before midnight."

"And to think," Aunt Mary's voice sounded decidedly cheated, almost childishly aggrieved, "that I never guessed the significance of that sliver of wax!"

She glanced down at Professor Danielman's shoes. One rubber was missing.

"Didn't you break your first record?" Beth asked him directly.

"I did," he admitted flatly, "but I thought I cleaned up all the pieces."

Abigail Hardscrabble was watching him closely. She had grown ten years younger. The worried lines had been

replaced by a less harried expression.

"So you wanted my clock," she said.

"Yes, I did. Could have sold it again at a handsome profit."

"But how did you gain entrance into this apartment?"

"Your crippled neighbor happens to be my sister. She gave me an extra key. But I can assure you that she knows nothing of this business!"

A pause followed. Miss Hardscrabble spoke: "I will now bid you a permanent 'Goodnight'. For your sister's sake, the issue is closed."

She faced about and Beth and her aunt followed her from the room.

"But," said Beth, when the three of them were settled once more in Miss Hardscrabble's house, "we still haven't discovered why the clock struck thirteen all these years, just before a death!"

"That was a real sign," insisted Miss Hardscrabble. "And since I don't want to hear it myself, I'm going to sell the clock to Miss Stanton."

"You really believe the clock is haunted?" Aunt Mary asked.

"I do," said Miss Hardscrabble firmly.

"And I don't," said Beth. "Although I'll admit you have some excellent reasons, since the thirteenth stroke has been heard so often by your family."

"Perhaps you may be able to discover why," suggested Aunt Mary. "You're clever at solving mysteries."

"If that old clock ever strikes thirteen again, I will," promised Beth.



Money and prizes for summer fun in this club!

MY CLUB! . . . What girl doesn't like to talk of her own happy group in such proudly possessive words? What girl doesn't like to wear a lovely Club pin over her heart?

And if, in addition, a Club could help you earn pocketfuls of money for the special things you want, and wonderful prizes besides—"Oh, what a Club that would be!" I hear you all exclaiming.

And our Girls' Club is just such a Club.

Hundreds of happy schoolgirls belong to this jolly club of ours. Athletic girls and studious girls . . . peppy girls and demure girls . . . girls who play on country lawns and girls who waken in the rush of big cities.

But all of them such modern, independent girls! And, of course, so many, MANY Girl Scouts. How happily *you*, too, may spend your Club dollars for equipment, trips to camp, gay sports clothes and summer expense money! What fun it will be for *you* to bring out a new prize 'banjo uke when the girls come over to sing—to display a neat sports watch you've just won, to an admiring crowd of friends! These two happy Club members will tell you how the Club has helped them.

\$5.00 in Two Afternoons

Dear Manager: As to the money I earned—it was easy. In two afternoons, I paid for some of my merit badges and partly for my Girl Scout suit. Unless I am very much mistaken, Club dollars are going to take me to camp, too. Edna S.

\$8.50 for a New Dress

Dear Club Manager: Within two weeks after I had joined The Girls' Club, I earned \$8.50 for a charming embroidered dress. And besides, I won a string of glowing pearls that makes me feel so dressed up. You can imagine what a thrill it was to pack these lovely things when I went to visit a school friend. Doris B.

Won't You Join Us?

We want *you* to know the joys of earning money and prizes in our Girls' Club. Won't you join us, *now*? A little note, "Please tell me about The Girls' Club," will bring all the details from me in a hurry—with no expense to you! Also, please tell me your age. Address:

Manager of The Girls' Club

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
1074 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Over the Hills and Far Away

(Continued from page 33)

It was held in the spring when the trees were budding, in order to do some tree-study, and girls from every troop in the city who were interested went along. Here is an interesting account of it:

"Fifty-one girls turned up at the trolley centre from various troops throughout the city. Our goal was a scenic place near Plainville, owned by Governor Trumbull, to which parties are free to go, known as Pinnacle-rox Farm. At the end of the trolley ride we hiked to the farm, three-quarters of a mile away.

"Passing through a stile away from the buildings, we followed a path through a meadow to a spring house built around a spring of fine, cold running water which we were told had been tested.

The girls loved this place and came back to it off and on all day. About a hundred yards beyond was a rustic open pavilion, with tables and stone fireplace nearby. Here we were met by a young fellow and his little dog. The boy said he was the fire warden's assistant and a Boy Scout.

"He immediately began to get busy

preparing his noon meal. As he was doing such lovely firebuilding, the girls were very much interested. They decided that they would like to eat, too, before they began exploring the fields.

"And then one of Governor Trumbull's registered cows, with immense long horns, trotted on the scene. The director happened to be taking a picture of the girls, but instead she got a good view of the charging cow.

"After this adventure the formality of the meeting broke up and the girls sauntered off. There were plenty of different kinds of flowers to be found, and the lovely pink of the laurel could be seen.

"Arriving at the rock, we made the steep ascent with one leader in the lead and one in the rear. We discovered an artist painting the

rock from an interesting angle. "The girls would have liked to stay on and on, but we reminded them that there were waiting mothers who had to be considered, and, picking up our negligible looking packs at the rustic pavilion, we started home singing 'Follow, follow, to the greenwood-tree.'"

A New Contest

PLAN now to enter THE AMERICAN GIRL'S new photography contest for the best photograph of summer sports or activities among girls, sent in before August fifteenth by readers of the magazine.

The judge of the contest will be announced next month, and so will the awards. But we don't mind telling you now that one of the prizes will be a camera. And there will be others as well for the fortunate winners.

This is just a preliminary announcement so you can begin thinking about what sort of picture you will send and perhaps read the article that appeared in last month's issue on how to take photographs.

Winifred Moses will tell you how in the July "American Girl"

If You Were a Little Indian Girl—

How would you dress?
What would you eat?
Where would you sleep?
What games would you
play?

PRAIRIE SMOKE

by MELVIN R. GILMORE



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By
MARIAN KING

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Announcing Summer Books

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

The Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature

COMMENCEMENT Day comes in June, so the book page this month will serve two purposes. First, it will tell you about new books that you will want to read, and second, it will suggest books for graduation gifts.

I had just put the finishing touches upon this report when in came a book that made me throw out the first sentence and place this newcomer at the head of the list. For A. A. Milne, has made a play out of Kenneth Grahame's immortal book, *The Wind in the Willows*, and it has just been published as *Toad of Toad Hall* (Scribner), and this, let me tell you, is an event. For *The Wind in the Willows* is, according to my ideas, and evidently to those of Mr. Milne, the loveliest book for young readers that ever was treasured by older ones.

The book with which I began the list before this one bounced in was written for boys, but unless girls have greatly changed since I was one, they will read it as gladly as I did *The Swiss Family Robinson*. *Bare Hands*, by Hawthorne Daniel (Coward-McCann), is far better written than the old *Swiss Family*—the characters of all the people in it are so cleverly drawn that they become friends directly—and it has even something of the peculiar charm that hangs about *The Mysterious Island*. But the secret of its attraction lies in the feature common to both these favorite romances; the idea of a group of modern men, unused to roughing it, cast away upon what they believe to be an uninhabited island, and—here's the point—gradually making all, or almost all the necessities of civilization in this savage place, with

no more to start with than their bare hands and what is in their heads.

Down Wind, by Donald and Louise Peattie (Appleton), is an unusual and remarkable volume of animal stories. I like Samuel Scoville's animal stories, and Kipling's, and of course, W. H. Hudson's, and a few others, but too often stories about wild beasts are like stories of people with fur instead of clothes, or, going in the other direction, distinctly zoological in that there is very little plot. These are really interesting tales, such as you would not stop reading until the last word, and each of the animals whose stories they tell has a definite personality, but it is an animal personality, not a bit like a dressed-up man. It may be the story of a grizzly, a crow, or a toad, the silver fox, "Quicksilver," or "Hunks," the bear who gets away from the show and back to the safety of the gorge.

Puppet Shows for Home and School, by Maude Owens Walters (Dodd, Mead), is about the simplest book on this subject that I have yet seen. The puppets are not so artistic as those shown in *Plays for Puppets and People* (Dutton), or in some of the manuals for older performers, but these can be made and operated by quite small children, and in the pictures that are so plentifully strewn through the book you see the children doing it. Nothing is left to luck in the directions for building a small stage and for making the puppets to move in it, either by strings from the top or sticks from the bottom or sides. Some of these figures are cut from cardboard and some made from

(Continued on page 58)

Carmella fights a walking delegate, Tommaso closes a deal, Nicole gets arrested—

Carmella Commands

(Continued from page 24)

walked toward the victrola. Through the records he looked, until he finally found a song from *Il Trovatore*. He put it in the machine, then he sat down in his Morris chair and smoked and listened fiercely.

In the morning, Carmella slept until after her father had gone to work. When the dishes were done she hastily got her hat and slipped out-of-doors, saying nothing to her mother. In front of Mike Laudini's house she met Nicole lounging against the gateway.

"Got kept in last night, after all!" he said.

"Yes, I did," said Carmella, bluntly. "Dad was in a terrible temper. Wouldn't let me go out except with him. Now are you going to take me to the movies some afternoon? I want to know."

This was a new idea to Nicole. "Great Scott, kid!" he said. "Don't blow up like that. I gotta job, but there's evening work to it sometimes. Like enough I can get off afternoons when I want to. Maybe this afternoon."

"That'd suit me," said Carmella. "I must wash dishes for awhile. Then I'll come out."

"All right! I'll ask Mike."

Shortly before two o'clock that afternoon Carmella emerged. "So you made it while Dad's away," said Nicole.

"I made it. Where are we going?"

"They say there's a swell Western over at the Gaiety," suggested Nicole.

"But there's a swell society comedy over at the Dante," said Carmella. "Let's go there."

Carmella had new standards by which to measure the movies now. Every butler on the screen must measure up to or beyond the Barrington butler. Every dining-room was appraised in terms of the Barrington dining-room. Every host and hostess of the silver sheet were, in her mind, competitors of Mr. and Mrs. Barrington.

Where she detected false notes on the screen Carmella openly scoffed, to the annoyance of those in neighboring seats.

CHAPTER VI

An Invitation Sought

For some days Carmella eyed her father uneasily. Not since the day of the certified check, had he mentioned his affairs to her. She could have wept for eagerness to know what he was doing, and for whom, and with whom. One morning she turned to her father and asked, in Italian, "Are you a contractor, Dad?"

He thought for a moment, looking at her solemnly. "Not to speak of it," he said, finally.

"Oh! But I told Mrs. Barrington that you were."

"Not yet," said Tommaso.

"Maybe, some day?"

"Maybe, some day."

Carmella looked at her

father shrewdly, and said no more. Some day, Tommaso felt, he would be a real contractor. Already he had a few men whom he could hire and with whom he worked when there was a small cellar to be dug. But he had not reached out for big jobs, because he lacked money to pay the workmen.

But now, with eight thousand dollars to his credit in the bank, he was beginning to think toward bigger things. Carmella's question had cut sharply into his thoughts on this very subject. There was building going on there, and the Barrington crowd and the Cronin crowd were trying to beat each other into the market with houses, Mike Laudini had told him.

He walked over to the trolley line and rode downtown, leaving the car within a block of the Central Trust Company, where Mr. Barrington had his offices.

Suddenly he heard himself hailed from the street, and recognized Dixon's voice. The latter was sitting in the Barrington car, drawn up to the curb. "Hello, Tommaso Coletta," Dixon called. "How's the real estate man?"

"Buon giorno! How do?" he responded, in Italian and English.

"And how's Carmella Kid Kate?"

"Carmella fine! Greendale, how she?" he asked.

Dixon laughed, good naturedly. "Greendale, she fine, too," he said. "Going down there with the boss pronto."

"Yes," said Tommaso. "Mucha she build, Greendale?"

"Mucha she build, you bet."

"Chanca for work?"

Dixon looked intently at Carmella's father. "Listen, old bird," he said. "Lis-ten to me. Why—"

"No spika English. *Parlate Italiano?*"

"No spika nix but American. But listen, old man. Listen to me now. Barrington. Get that? Mucha builda house. Get that? Mucha digga cellar. Get that? Lotta hustle! You don't get that, but you ought to. Listen! Money! Get that? Lotta money for lotta hustle. You spika Barrington, you digga cellar, you getta money. Get that?"

Tommaso nodded doubtfully. Still, in a way, he got the idea, when Mr. Barrington puffed heavily toward the machine door which Dixon held open.

"Here's Mr. Coletta. Wants to speak to you, sir," said the chauffeur.

"He's the man you bought those Greendale lots from at a hold-up, through his kid. He's a contractor, sir. He can hustle."

"No time for nonsense," said Mr. Barrington. "Get me to Greendale quick!"

"Yes, sir! Break the record, sir! But if you've got a strike. Mr. Barrington, this man here might make good. He works with his men. He was on his way to see you when I flagged him. He'll turn you out cellars

(Continued on page 54)



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Carmella Commands

(Continued from page 53)

clean and quick. He's sure-fire, he is!"

Mr. Barrington opened the door and
leaned out. "Hello, Mr. Coletta," he
said. "My chauffeur here tells me you're
a wiz at getting cellars dug. Hop in and
drive out to Greendale with me."

Tommaso, understanding the one
word "Greendale", hesitated. "Get in!"
said Dixon. "In! Get me? Talk digga
cellar. Get me?"

"Now see here," began Mr. Barrington.
"My chauffeur tells me you can dig
cellars."

"Non parlo inglese!" said Tommaso,
mildly.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Barrington," said
Dixon, keeping his eyes ahead and
throwing his voice back. "This bird is
good, but he don't know it. Why not
let him get an interpreter?"

"All right, Dixon," said his employer.
"I approve the idea. But can you jabber
with him enough to get it across?"

Dixon turned to Tommaso and said:
"Greendale! Mucha digga! Mucha da
money! But—mucha to talk! Get Kid
Kate—Carmella. She talk. She talk—"

"Carmella, you say?"

"Sure! Carmella. Kid Kate. She talk.
Get her?"

"Cedar Street," said Tommaso. "I
get for talk."

Dixon turned the machine toward
Little Italy, but Tommaso instead of
going into his own house, hurried to the
door of his neighbor, Mrs. Alibrio.

Presently Mrs. Alibrio appeared, res-
plendent in red and yellow and blue.

The drive to Greendale was made
without conversation. Arrived at the
place, Mrs. Alibrio interpreted quietly
and without color, and at last, after much
conversation, the afternoon saw a pre-
liminary agreement drawn up. Tom-
maso promised to provide a gang that
would dig cellars at a rate un-
precedented in Greendale.

By supper time Carmella, coming
home from an afternoon with a friend,
knew from half a dozen eager informers
that Mrs. Alibrio had been taken by
her father as interpreter.

The girl thought furiously. For a few
minutes she was dazed. Then, sitting
back in the Morris chair and closing
her eyes, she thought it through. Ah!
Her father was disciplining her. He was
shrewd. But she would show him!

"Are you tired tonight, Dad?" she
asked in Italian, when he came in.

"A little," he answered. "But not so
much as some days. Why, *piccola*
ragazza?"

"Because I so much want to go to
the movies tonight, and I want you to
take me."

Tommaso was surprised, but he was
secretly pleased. "Maybe, after supper."

And after supper he did.

"And listen, *caro padre!*" exclaimed
Carmella as they walked home, "I am
your interpreter, is it not so?"

As they trotted along and waited
to cross the traffic-filled street, she
asked, "Didn't you like it better because
I was with you to translate the titles?"

(Continued on page 57)

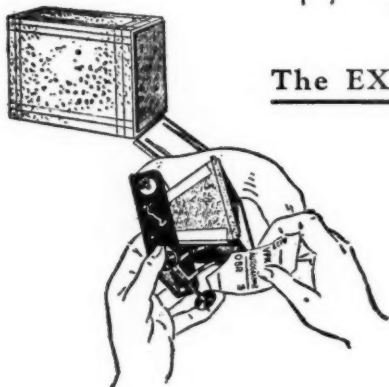
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The neighbors jeered and pointed, they hated her red hair—

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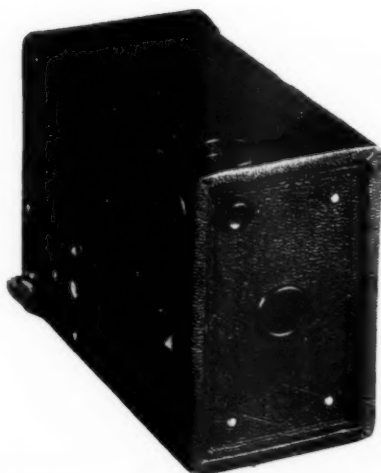
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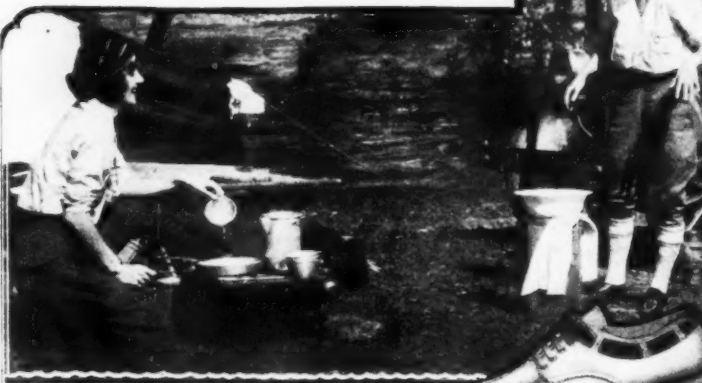
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A Camp under the Palms

(Continued from page 36)

and their friends started to earn and save money for a camp near the city. But their funds were swept away in a bank failure, and they had to begin all over again. After much saving and planning, they finally bought the site at Hooly Point, and nearly a year ago, the Girl Scout Council, the Girl Scouts and all their friends emerged triumphantly from their campaign, with a brand new camp building completed there. Of course they were still in debt for it, but the camp was ready for the summer season, and the debt, they hoped, would soon be paid. But, alas, after only six weeks the camp was destroyed in the storm of last summer.

Now in fairy-tales, it is always in the heroine's darkest hour that her fairy godmother appears; and fairy-tales, for the most part are an age-old accumulation of the more pleasant facts. Mrs. Durant Daniel of New York and Old Westbury, Long Island, was in Palm Beach with her little daughter Margery last fall. Margery is too young as yet to be a Girl Scout, but she admired greatly the "big girls" who were, and so did her mother.

Then Mrs. Hoover, now the honorary president of the Girl Scouts, visited Palm Beach and the Girl Scouts turned out in full force to greet her. She heard the story of their persistent efforts to have a camp of their own, and since Mrs. Hoover loves camping herself, she understood how they felt about their camp misfortunes. Through her, their needs became known and Mrs. Daniel offered to help them. But so quietly was her offer made, that it was only at the laying of the cornerstone of the new camp building, several months later, that the identity of their fairy godmother was revealed.

Mrs. Daniel had promised to restore the camp if their debt could be paid. So friends rallied around the Girl Scout Council, the Girl Scouts themselves put their shoulders to the wheel and the debt was lifted. After more than three years of misfortune, the tide had turned. Almost immediately the work began on the fine camp building, so that it could be occupied this summer. The camp is named after the little daughter of Mrs. Daniel, but since the little girl has been named for her mother, the camp has them both for namesakes.

When the cornerstone of the camp was laid recently, Mrs. Daniel spoke:

"I have given you shelter only"; she said, in part, "for the atmosphere and spirit which will prevail here, you will be responsible. If you would make it happy, bring from the woods the loveliest of blossoms and shrubs, and surround your camp with the beauty of growing things."

So it is with a good deal of real gratitude and enthusiasm that the girls of West Palm Beach are embarking upon a season of camping . . . for they have known what it is to be without a camp.

If you are a girl who "can't choose and can't refuse"—

Carmella Commands

(Continued from page 54)

"Of course," he admitted, gruffly. "Why don't they print them in our tongue, anyway?"

"Ah," said Carmella, "because so many young folks go and they read English better than they read Italian. But always I can interpret to you, *padre*."

Tommaso grunted what might have been a "yes" or a "no." "And listen, *caro padre*, am I your interpreter?"

Suddenly, without waiting for an answer, she began to chatter. Chattering of the pictures they had seen, of her vacation play, and of the rumor that he was to be contractor for Mr. Barrington.

"Only for the cellars, to hurry them along," said Tommaso, anxious not to over-estimate his good fortune. "There is a strike, and I shall take a few men out to the digging."

"Aha! Then that makes you a contractor. I told the truth. I told the truth to Mrs. Barrington!" She skipped a few steps ahead, then back-stepped to her father's side and took his arm.

"But, Dad," she went on, "a contractor must provide for his men, is it not? And he must take them to their work in the morning and back home at night. And to haul out the earth there should be a truck for that. No longer are you digging one little cellar. You agree to do a big job, and do it quick. You must have the things—the machinery—as well as the men. And I am your interpreter in these things."

"No need of an interpreter, *piccola ragazza*, for I shall have countrymen to work with me."

"That's true, Dad! For the real digging, yes! But not for buying tools and trucks."

"I will hire a truck from Luigi Domao. He has one, and it will do to begin with. The cellars are to be small."

"But for the tools and a truck for going and coming. Mr. Barrington likes quick work and clean. He will be there Monday to watch. You are a big contractor, *carissimo padre*. But you will be big the quicker if you please Mr. Barrington the very first day."

Tommaso hesitated. But Carmella, her hand on his arm, felt in his muscles that he was yielding. He was remembering his new employer's insistence on speed. And so they entered the yellow cottage.

"Good night, Dad!" said Carmella, in English.

"Good night!" he replied, in the same language.

Tommaso had gone to work when she appeared for breakfast Monday morning. "Did Father ask for me?" she inquired.

"No. Why should he?" asked Maria.

"No reason. I just thought he might."

With heavy steps she started down the street on an errand.

Tommaso, meanwhile, had been early on the job in Greendale, transporting his workers and their tools in Luigi's truck.

Like a general he disposed of his

(Continued on page 59)



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Announcing Summer Books

(Continued from page 52)

jointed dolls or little animals from the ten-cent store or the old nursery box.

I have said so much lately about the new type of travel book for young readers that I am glad to find among the new books two good examples of a more familiar sort, books about foreign countries to be used with a good geography as "supplementary reading". These are both by Frank F. Bunker, and are published by Lippincott: *China and Japan* and *Hawaii and the Philippines*, and they are part of the *Lands and Peoples* series. These books stress whatever tends to bring these countries nearer to ours, being indeed prepared with the purpose of furthering world peace by increasing mutual understanding. For instance, the great earthquake disaster in Japan in 1923 is the subject of one chapter, with an account of the way he world rallied to the help of the stricken nation.

Girls with Scottish ancestry, or those who plan to travel in Scotland, or any girls who like romantic stories, will like *Tales of Scottish Keeps and Castles*, by Elizabeth W. Grierson (Black), which has eight full-page colored pictures. These are wild tales, of the Elfin Knight Tam-a-Line (don't think this is a book of fairy-tales, for it is for much older readers than that), of Muriel of Cawdor, borne from a battle (about the time that Columbus was coming back from America) in which her place on a fighter's horse was taken by an effigy of straw; and of many another fair lady who figured in a roaring time.

String Figures, by W. Rouse Ball (Hale, Cushman and Flint), provides you with a hank of stout green twine, thrust through the lining of the cover, with which to work out the devices so enticingly described in the book. If the author thinks you will stop with his green twine, he is much mistaken. I can see the family string-box all over the living room. The making of string figures is taken seriously, as it should be, for it is an ancient and honorable employment. You learn a great deal about its history in the opening chapters of the book, with the historic figures in illustration. The catscradle is only a beginning for this art; you have a fish-spear, a moth, a canoe, a tent-flap, the framework of a hut, an ellipse, and several other designs carefully explained.

The Girl Scout Game Book is out again, revised and enlarged; at last it has reached the dignity of board covers and it does deserve covers, it is so good for steady reference. There are twelve chapters: warming-up, ball, knot, memory, nature, first aid, signal, compass, map-making, walking, and such organized games as treasure hunts and flag raids. It is really indispensable for camps, and any group of girls will find it not only useful but unusually suggestive of new and practical amusements.



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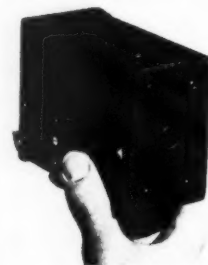
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Harriette R. Campbell, Hubert Evans, Edith Bishop Sherman—

Carmella Commands

(Continued from page 57)

forces—just enough men in each of three cellars to keep the truck efficiently busy. To each group he explained that there was extra pay for speed.

By eight o'clock the Barrington project was a scene of wholesome industry. At nine-thirty, Mr. Barrington himself appeared, accompanied by his son John. "Going well, Tommaso?" asked Mr. Barrington.

"Go fine!" said the new contractor.

Just then a stranger approached Tommaso and asked: "You got a license to set them wops on this job?"

"What?" asked Tommaso, in English.

"You know you gotta file a bond with the building inspector of this town before you can set a gang to work on contract stuff. We gotcha if you don't. You can't come out and steal a job from a bunch of honest workmen, and I'll land you in jail darn quick if you don't live up to specifications."

"No spika English," said Tommaso. "*Parlate italiano?*"

"No I don't! And I wouldn't if I could. You're in America now, Tony. See?"

"Who are you?" demanded Mr. Barrington.

"No matter who I am. This fellow knows. He's the contractor here, and it's him I talk to."

"But—" began Mr. Barrington, flushing with anger.

Dixon strolled to the scene. "Better walk over to some other part of the works, sir," he said. "It'll only make matters worse if you butt in on it. I know his breed."

Mr. Barrington walked slowly away, but his son stood fascinated and listened.

Tommaso, unused to the ways of business agents, reflected. He had not comprehended the words, but he knew their general import to be a hold-up of some sort. He turned to Dixon. "For interpret. You can go?"

"Sure!" said Dixon. "I'll get one. Who do you want?"

Tommaso looked blank. "Who—who—who? Carmella? Alibrio? Who?"

Tommaso thought rapidly. "Carmella," he said.

"She'll be here in thirty minutes," he said.

Turning to the business agent, he said: "This man can't get your brand of talk. I'm going to get his interpreter. Back in thirty minutes. You wait. And the work goes on see?"

The stranger demurred, and Dixon stepped toward him. "I said the work goes on and you stay here."

He dashed to the Barrington machine and just as Carmella returned to the cottage, Dixon drove up.

"What's the rumpus?" she asked, after they had traveled a few blocks. "Don't ask me. All I agreed to do was to get you there. All you have to do is to take it easy, work your head, translate and bluff the guy."

For some time they drove in silence. Then Carmella turned and gazed squarely at the driver.

"Tell me one thing!" she commanded.

"Did Dad try to get Mrs. Alibrio?"

"Not that I heard of. He got into a jam with this walking delegate. Some kind of a hold-up. But neither could understand the other. So your dad asked me to get you."

Carmella sighed happily, and sank back in the heavily cushioned seat.

What has happened so far in this story

Tommaso Coletta, Carmella's father, has land to sell and she goes with him to interpret to the two men who wish to buy it. She overhears their conversation and realizes that the land is worth twice what her father is asking for it; that the tract is needed by Mr. Barrington. There is not time to explain to her father so she does not translate to him correctly but makes the two men raise this price. The deal falls through and Carmella goes back to town with a troubled conscience.

Next day, for the second time, she is asked to see Mrs. Barrington, patron of the Hope House Settlement, who asks her why the Italian women of the neighborhood do not wish to be helped. In an outburst, Carmella tells her that they do not want to be "smiled down" at. Mrs. Barrington is surprised but admires Carmella. She asks her to come to luncheon at the Barrington house on Saturday. Carmella remembers that this is the wife of the man who needs her father's land.

Carmella's mother is eager for her to wear her confirmation dress, but Carmella insists that in America one does not dress up for luncheon and she goes in her school clothes. Troubled by her lessening control over Carmella, Mrs. Coletta confides in the kind district nurse when she comes to see the baby. She is the only person who does not laugh at her attempts at English. The nurse's advice is, "Sympathize with her, love her, and learn to speak English to her."

Carmella is taken in the Barrington car for luncheon, and meets the Barrington children, near her own age. When Mr. Barrington joins them, he is talking real estate. Carmella admits that her father is interested in lots at Greendale. He is surprised to find that she is the keynote in a situation that has been puzzling him. She tells him how she learned that her father's land is worth more than the price he asks, and that she did not translate honestly. Through her he offers her father twice the original price asked for the land and arranges for Carmella and Tommaso to complete the sale with his agents the next day.

The Barrington car calls for Carmella and her father and the transaction is made with the assistance of Dixon, the Barrington chauffeur. Home after an exciting morning, Carmella meets her friend, Nicole, and goes with him to a movie.

Carmella handles a difficult situation in a typical Carmella manner and the firm of Coletta is firmly established.



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Eva Le Gallienne

(Continued from page 11)

will ask me, can the little girl read and write? Then what shall I tell him?"

"At this snag in my career I stopped howling long enough to ask, 'When I can read and write can I be a water baby?'"

"Of course you can!"

"I never forgot this promise. When I was fourteen, I left the school I was attending in Paris and went to London to study dramatic art. That same year I walked on the stage as Constance Collier's page in *Mona Vanna*. I didn't have one word to say but I felt I was the star of the performance. This was my official debut."

"But to go back to your childhood," I reminded her. "Where were you born and what of your family?"

"I was born in London, but our home was in Paris and it is there I was educated, at *Le Collège de Savigny*. My father is Richard Le Gallienne, the poet. He is an Englishman of French extraction. My mother is Danish and, consequently, from the time I could utter a word I was tri-lingual. English, French and Danish are my native tongues. This is a great advantage to the stage artist; it helps make her diction pure."

"Then you aren't really American at all?" I asked in frank disappointment.

"Oh, yes. I'm American by choice. I wouldn't want to work any place else. No other country offers such opportunity."

"I made it clear quite early I was going on the stage; thus, there was no family discussion when at fourteen I left school in Paris to enroll in the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London."

"Well, in 1915 after two years in London, when I was sixteen, I came to New York. It happened this way: I had been appearing in a minor part in *The Laughter of Fools* at the Prince of Wales theatre, when David Belasco bought the American rights to the play. I was advised by the Favershams, friends of my mother, to try for the same part in the New York production. They felt sure I could land it. So did I. Then Mr. Belasco decided not to produce it—and here I was stranded in New York."

"But I kept right on working and trying out parts and within a year came luck. At seventeen I was given a leading part in *Lazarus*. Out of this came an offer from Oliver Morosco for the lead in *Mile a Minute Kendall*.

"Now I have arrived!" said I.

"But how 'pride goeth before a fall!'" Mr. Morosco fired me at the try-out. I was hurled to obscurity again. And that was a very lucky thing for me."

"But why?" I asked in amazement. "Because at seventeen I didn't have the proper background for a star. Real acting means years and years of hard work. Many girls think all they need for the stage is a pretty face. That is only a surface thing—perhaps not even essential. A person with talent and industry and clarity of purpose can climb right over the heads of the others who are without these special qualities."

(Continued on page 63)

More thrilling stories, more fascinating articles, more jokes, puzzles, news—



The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

Not Much Difference

"I tell you I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the bell boy.

"I ain't going to pay my good money for a pig sty with a measly little folding bed in it. You think that just because I'm from the country—"

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LADY: Have you done a good deed today, Muriel?

GIRL SCOUT: Yes, my mother only had one dose of castor oil and I let my little sister have it.—Sent by MYRTLE BUCKLEY, Hartford, Connecticut.

Cautious
Enough



"Bob, did you wash your face before the music teacher came?"

"Yes, Ma."

"And your hands?"

"Yes'm."

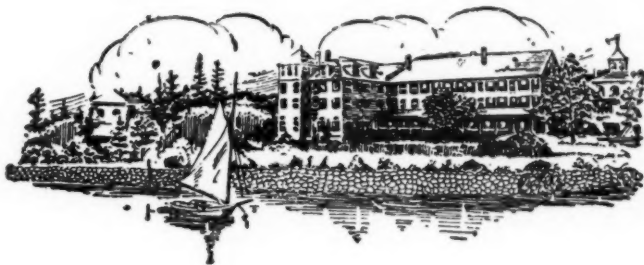
"Your ears?"

"Well Ma, I did the one that would be next to her."—Sent by PATTY LOUISE COLEMAN, Buckhannon, West Virginia.

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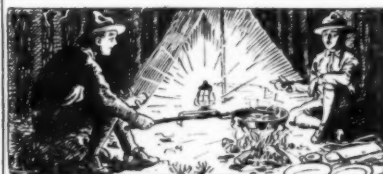


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	40-46	2.00
Officer's Top Coat.....	32-44	25.00
Officer's Cape.....	32-44	20.00
Neckerchiefs, Cotton, each.....		.45
Neckerchiefs, Silk, each.....		2.00

Black and green		
Bandeaux (to match		
neckerchiefs), each.....		.45
Colors: green, purple, dark blue, light blue,		
brown, cardinal, black, and yellow		
Girl Scout Raincoat (Green, Alligator)		

	Size	Price
Unlined.....	8-12	\$ 6.75
	14-28	7.50
	40-44	8.25
Lined.....	8-12	9.50
	14-28	10.25
	40-44	11.00
Yellow Slickers.....	10	3.75
	12	4.00
	14-20	5.00

Sweaters—Brown and		
Green Heather.....		
Coat Model.....	32-40	8.00
Sleeper Model.....	32-40	7.00

Brownie Uniforms		
Brownie Dress.....	8-12	\$ 2.65
Brownie Material 32" wide		
per yd.....		.25
Cap.....		.35
Belt, Leather, Sizes 26-28-30.....		.50
† Brownie Wings.....		.20
† Golden Band.....		.10
† Golden Bar.....		.10
† Emblems.....		.10

Badges		
† Attendance Stars		
Gold.....		\$.10
Silver.....		.10
† First Class Badges.....		.25
† Flower Crests.....		.15
† Life Saving Crosses		
Silver.....		1.75
Bronze.....		1.50
† Proficiency Badges.....		.15
† Second Class Badges.....		.15
† Thanks Badges.....		3.00
Heavy gold plate with bar.....		5.00
10K Gold Pin.....		5.00
Gold Plate Pins.....		.75
Silver Plate.....		.75

Insignia		
† Armband.....		.75
† Corporal's Chevron.....		.10
† Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron.....		.20
† Hat Insignia (for Captain's hat).....		.50
† Hat Insignia (for Brown Owl's hat).....		.50
† Lapels—G. S., for Girl Scouts.....		.20
† Patrol Leader's Chevron.....		.15

Pins		
† Brownie.....		\$.15
† Brown Owl Pin.....		.75
† Committee.....		.35
† Community Service.....		.35
† Golden Eaglet.....		1.50
† Lapels—G. S., Bronze.....		.50
† Girl Scout Pins		
10K Gold (safely catch).....		3.00
Gold Filled (safely catch).....		.75
New Type.....		.15
Old style plain pin.....		.30
Midget gold filled.....		.50
Worn by Officers or Girl Scouts when not in uniform		
† Senior Girl Scout Pin.....		.75
† Tawny Owl Pin.....		.25

Songs		
America, the Beautiful.....		\$.05
Are You There?.....		.10
Enrollment.....		.10
First National Training School.....		.25
Girl Guide.....		.60
Girl Scout Song Book.....		.50
Girl Scout Songs		
Piano Edition.....		.50
Girl Scout Song Sheet.....		.04
Lots of 10 or more.....		.03
Goodnight.....		.15
Hiking On.....		.30
On the Trail.....		.40
Songs for Troop and Camp		
(Words and Music).....		.30
To America.....		.25

American Flags		
2x3 ft. Wool.....		\$ 2.25
2x5 ft. Wool.....		2.50
4x6 ft. Wool.....		4.60

† Troop Flags		
2x3 ft. Wool.....		\$2.50 10¢ per letter
2½x4 ft. Wool.....		4.20 15¢ "
3x5 ft. Wool.....		5.75 20¢ "
4x8 ft. Wool.....		8.50 25¢ "
NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter		
troop flags and pennants.		

STANDARD PRICE LIST FOR GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

PRICES EFFECTIVE FOR JUNE 1929

† Troop Pennants	Price
Lettered with any Troop No.....	\$ 1.50

Signal Flags	
Flag Set complete.....	\$.75

Includes:	
1 pr. Morse Code Flags, Jointed	
6-ft. Staff	
1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy	
Web Carrying Case	
1 pr. of Semaphore Flags In-	
cluding Sticks and Carrying	
Case.....	.50
1 pr. of Morse Code Flags with-	
out Jointed Flagstaff or Carry-	
ing Case.....	.25

Staffs	
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with spiral	
G. S. Emblem.....	\$ 6.75
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle.....	5.00
1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear.....	3.50
G. S. Emblem.....	6.75
Eagle Emblem—separate.....	2.50
Spear Emblem—separate.....	1.60
Flag Carrier.....	2.50
Flag Stand.....	1.50

Literature	
Brown Book for Brown Owls.....	\$.50
Brownie Magic.....	.75
Brownie Handbook, English.....	.25
Brownie Games, English.....	.50
Blue Book of Rules.....	.25
G. S. Emblem (By L. H. Weir).....	2.00
Campward Ho!.....	.75
Camp and Field Notebook Cover	
Ceremonies around the Girl	
Scout Year.....	.25
Community Service Booklet—	
Each 10¢; Per dozen.....	1.00
First Aid Book—New Edition	
Games and Recreational Methods	
for Clubs, Camps and Scouts	
(By Chas. F. Smith).....	2.00
Girls' Clubs (By Helen Ferris).....	2.00
Girl Guide Book of Games.....	2.00
Girl Scout Diary.....	.35
Girl Scout Game Book.....	.35
Girl Scout Handicrafts.....	3.00
Girl Scout Hike Book.....	.95
Girl Scout Short Stories	
(Series 1).....	2.00
Girl Scout Short Stories	
(Series 2).....	2.00
Health Record Books, each.....	.10
Per dozen.....	1.00
Handbook Cloth Board Cover.....	1.10
Flexible Cloth Cover.....	.80
English Girl Guide.....	.75
Home Service Booklet, each.....	.10
How to Start a Girl Scout Troop	
Pamphlet, each.....	.06
Per hundred.....	5.00
International Conference and	
Games and Camp Report.....	1.25
Juliette Low and the Girl Scouts	
Kettles and Camp Fires.....	.50
Knots, Hitches and Splices.....	.15
Life Saving Booklet.....	.15
Lone Girl Scout Trailmaker.....	.10
Lone Girl Scout Adventurer.....	.35

IMPORTANT INSTRUCTIONS FOR ORDERING EQUIPMENT

1. Girl Scout Equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official Girl Scout green cloth is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

When you buy Girl Scout Equipment, please remember that you are helping to finance the promotion of Girl Scouting throughout the country, and to maintain your National Organization. Above prices are postage paid and subject to change without notice.

† Authorized department stores cannot sell these items.

* Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

**MAIL ALL ORDERS TO
GIRL SCOUTS, INC.
670 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.**
Earn your own equipment with "American Girl" Premiums.
Write for a list

"A Girl Scout is Kind to Animals"	Price
"A Girl Scout is Thrifty"	
Any of above, each.....	\$.03
Per hundred.....	2.50
Posters—	
New Building Poster 9½x11½	
Per dozen.....	1.00
New Girl Scout Poster (By Karl Johnson) Large.....	.25
Medium.....	.20
Small.....	.05
Girl Scout Creed (By Henry Van Dyke).....	.15
Girl Scout's Promise, 11x16.....	.15
Per hundred.....	10.00
Girl Scout's Promise, 8x11	
Per hundred.....	8.00
Girl Scout Laws	
Size 11x19.....	.30
Size 9x11.....	.10
Producing Amateur Entertain-	
ments (By Helen Ferris).....	2.00
Scout MasterShip.....	1.50
Three Degrees in Hiking.....	.10
Tramping and Trailing with the Girl Scouts.....	.35
Tree Marker (not engraved).....	8.00
Troop Management Course.....	.75
Troop Register (Field Notebook Size).....	1.55
Additional Sheets	
Cash Record (15 Sheets).....	25¢ package
Treasurer's Monthly Record	
(30 sheets).....	25¢ package
Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	2¢ ea.
Treasurer's or Scribe's Record	
(15 sheets).....	25¢ package
Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	3¢ ea.
Individual Record	
(30 sheets).....	25¢ package
Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	2¢ ea.
Troop Advancement Record	
(30 sheets).....	3¢ a sheet
Troop Reports (30 sheets).....	25¢ package
Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	2¢ ea.
Miscellaneous	Price
Astronomy Misc.....	\$.75
Axe, with sheath.....	1.85
Beard Loom.....	1.25
Belt Hooks, extra.....	.95
Blankets—3¼-pound camel's hair	
O. D.—3¼-pound all wool, size	
60x30.....	4.75
Bugle.....	5.00
Braid—¼-inch wide yard.....	.10
† Buttons—Per Set, Officer's, Ivory	
† Buttons, for replacement	
Girl Scout, metal.....	.02
Officer's, metal.....	.03
Camp Toilet Kit.....	2.35
Canteen, Aluminum.....	2.75
Compass.....	1.00
Radiolette Dial.....	1.50
Cuts Running Girl.....	1.00
Trefoil.....	.75
First Aid Kit with Pouch.....	.80
Judice Antiseptic Pen, extra.....	.50
First Aid Kit, No. 1.....	2.90
Flashlights, Girl Scout.....	2.50
Flexy Dolls (small).....	.15
† Girl Scout Cloth—36" wide	
per yd.....	.75
Handkerchiefs—Girl Scout em-	
blem, Linen.....	.35
Box of three.....	1.00
Cotton.....	.20
Box of six.....	1.00
Haversacks.....	3.00
No. 1, Khaki.....	2.00
No. 2, Khaki.....	2.85
Rucksack, green.....	2.85
Knives, No. 1.....	1.50
No.....	1.00
Sheath Knife.....	.20
Lapels, per pair.....	1.50
Memory Book, Black.....	2.00
Black and gray.....	2.00
Mess Kit, Aluminum, 6 pieces.....	2.75
Mirror—Unbreakable.....	.25
My Camp Log.....	1.00
† Patterns	
Girl Scout Dress, 10-42.....	.25
Brownie, 8-12.....	.30
Officer's Dress.....	.25
Neckerchief slides, Bronze or Black	
Paper Weight, Bronze or Black	
Girl Scout Feeding Rabbit.....	.50
Poncho (45x72).....	3.50
Poncho (60x82).....	4.75
Purse, green suede.....	.50
Rings, silver, 3 to 9.....	1.00
10K Gold, 3 to 9.....	3.00
Rope, 4 ft. by ¼ in.....	.15
Lots of 5 or more, each.....	.10
Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt.....	.50
Serge, green and gray mixture,	
54-in. wide, per yard.....	4.25
Sewing Kit, Pin Case.....	.25
Aluminum Case.....	.50
Girl Scout Stationery.....	.55
Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-11.....	1.00
Sun Watch.....	.75
Trefoil Emblem Stickers (em-	
bossed in gold).....	.02
3 for 5¢; 12 for 15¢; 100	
for 1.00.....	
Thread, Green—spool.....	.70
Per dozen spools.....	1.00
† Uniform Make-up Sets.....	.50
1 Pattern.....	
1 Pair G. S. Lapels.....	
1 Spool of Thread.....	
1 Set of Buttons.....	
Wall Chart	
(For troop records).....	1.25
Whistles.....	.20
Wrist Watch, Radiolite.....	4.60
Tommy Picket.....	4.00
Locust 2B.....	6.50
Locust 12.....	12.50

If you need new equipment for camp—earn it through "American Girl" premiums

Price

\$.03
2.50
1.10
1.00

.25
.20
.05

.15
.15
10.00
.10
8.00

.30
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2.00
1.50
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Price
.75
1.85
1.25
.45
5.50

1.75
5.00
.10
.40

.02
.03
2.35
2.75
1.90
1.50
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6.50
7.00
7.50
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8.50
9.00
9.50
10.00

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Girl Scout Merit Badges



Pathfinder—Symbol—Hand Pointing

Show Your Badge!

Girl Scout Badges add immeasurably to the beauty and distinction of your uniform. Wear them! Let your friends be proud of the honors you have won.

Girl Scout Badges are beautifully designed—and beautifully made by the largest makers of embroidered emblems in the world.

Manufactured by

Lion Brothers Co., Inc.

Baltimore, Maryland

Sold only through Girl Scout National Equipment Headquarters, New York

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FOR ALL PURPOSES FOR SCOUT CRAFT

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BACO PICAREFF PAINT STOPPER for controlling color outlines. 12 Standard Shades—50c a jar.

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Used the World Over for 100 Years
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IDEAL
BELT LIGHT

Camper's tent light or Signal Lantern using two regular flashlight batteries

Gives clear, red and green light. Stocked by all jobbers. If your dealer cannot supply you, write to **\$1.75 each**

ALLBRIGHT ELECTRIC CORP.

48 West 21st Street
New York City

Eva Le Gallienne

(Continued from page 60)

"When did you meet with your first real success?" I resumed my questioning.

"My first star rôle came when I was twenty in *Not So Long Ago*. This was followed by *Liliom* and then by *The Swan*—successes, all three of them, and each ran two years. This was not as I wished it to be. I was always agitating my manager for special matinees for diversity.

"So it happened that in 1926 I took over the management of a Broadway house.

"As Broadway manager I discovered that the cheaper seats always go first. The real intelligentsia are people of moderate means who can't pay five dollars or even three dollars every time they want to see a play. If a civic theatre were to be a success it must offer moderate prices—less than two dollars if possible. But where to go for a theatre where I could make the prices moderate?

"This old theatre on Fourteenth Street was a find. It has an illustrious history and tradition. Although, when I discovered it, it was a mere shell of its former grandeur, I took a ten year lease, made it over and launched my Civic Repertory in the fall of 1927.

"A theatre, it is my belief, should be like a public library—something of which the people can take advantage without great expense. The public likes variety; hence, many plays must be given, and if these are all fine plays they will be of educative value as well. One must draw from the great playwrights of the world, Russian, Dutch, French as well as English, and from old as well as modern times.

"Proof that the public will support such a plan lies in the eating of the pudding—namely, box receipts. For our most popular productions we sell out even standing room.

"What is more, I want to make my theatre a school of good acting as well, patterned on the Moscow Art Theatre plan. In the autumn, I am starting a new project. I shall take on the thirty most talented young people available and give them free instruction, making them apprentices to the trade. Gradually the best of them will be absorbed into the regular company."

From the corridors came another call for Miss Le Gallienne.

"Nearly six!" she exclaimed; "I must ask you to excuse me; another performance tonight."

"One more question!" I begged. "Aren't you the only actress manager in New York?"

"I scarcely dare claim that exclusive honor."

"But surely you are the most famous one?"

"Fame is written in the sand."

"At least the most successful one—"

"Ask me that in ten years." And she bade me goodbye.

Peter Pan, a fairy fantasy this afternoon; *Hedda Gabler*, a tragedy tonight. *The Master Builder* tomorrow; then *The Cherry Orchard* and *Peter Pan* again. Yes, truly she is an ambitious young person—and a hard working one, too.

Are you going to camp?



Or to the shore?



Or to the mountains?

BE sure to take along this unique health shampoo; it lathers delightfully and rinses out thoroughly in even the hardest water; washes out salty water. Its pine tar gives scalp health; its coconut oil gives hair beauty; a treatment and shampoo in one. No bottle to leak or break.

DERBAC

Ideal for camp use!

At your drugist's, or send us 25c for a 20-shampoo cake

CEREAL SOAPS CO., Inc.

Dept. G-8, 334 E. 27th St., N. Y. C.



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Your Kitchen Can Be Your Candy Shop

Successful manufacturer teaches you secrets of candymaking in your spare time. The candy business is the only business where the little fellow has the big fellow at a disadvantage. You can start in your own kitchen—earn big money from the very beginning. We furnish tools and show how to quickly sell your candy at a big profit. Many now wealthy started with practically no capital—YOU CAN DO THE SAME! Write for fascinating FREE book which gives full details.

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DEPT. AP-8928 WASHINGTON, D.C.



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SAVES hundreds of dollars. Gives information unavailable elsewhere. Send 25c for your copy **AT ONCE.**



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Our booklets are designed to help girls in their handicraft work at home, at camp and at school.

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- How to Make a Pleated Skirt
- How to Make Crystalline Lamp Shades
- How to Make a Cooking Combination
- How to Make Pajamas
- How to Make a Laundry Bag and a Shoe Bag
- How to Make a Nightgown
- How to Make Hammered Copper Book Ends
- How to Make Three Practical Aprons
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My name is _____
Street _____ Number _____
City _____ State _____

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Dignified Plan To Make Money For Your Troop

Girl Scout Troops and other societies and clubs conduct "Candy Sales" to raise funds for their treasuries by using the well-known **Bylund Plan** of selling these nationally advertised 5c candy bars and confections. Seventy (70) other brands to select from.



We Specialize in Serving Camps

Write now for full particulars. Samples upon request. No money required. We finance while selling. Shipping charges prepaid for us. All merchandise strictly fresh—must be satisfactory or can be returned at our expense.



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Magnifies 225 Diameters

This is what the tip of a fly's leg is like when seen through the

Ultralens Microscope

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\$5.00 for Complete Outfit Prepaid

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are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and samples to try. Write Dept. IF ENGEL MFG. CO. 4711 N. Clark St. Chicago

When Stamps Are Your Hobby

BY OSBORNE B. BOND

MAY FIRST was a busy day for the collector of air mail covers, for a new night trans-continental air mail route went into effect between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. It is operated in addition to the original route which left both terminals on a daylight schedule. A new route was inaugurated between St. Louis and Omaha, the planes flying by way of Kansas City. A very pretty cachet was used on all the first flight covers.

A new night schedule was also established between Cleveland and Albany, and the eight cities on this route were supplied with a special cachet for first flight covers. Springfield, Ohio, was embraced for supply on the route between Louisville and Cleveland.

Double air service was started over the route from Pocatello and Ogden to Salt Lake City, and a special night flight to connect Pittsburgh with the night trans-continental route was also established. How many of these flights did you get in on?

By the time this column appears, readers who live in Kansas and Nebraska will already have seen the new "state" postage stamps. They are ordinary United States postage stamps which you use every day of one to ten cents denomination, overprinted with the name of the state, abbreviated, across the lower half of the stamps. The surcharge appears in black ink. They will be on sale at all post offices in the state of Kansas, with the exception of Kansas City, Topeka and Wichita, and at all post offices in Nebraska except Omaha and Lincoln, where only the ordinary postage stamps will be available.

These stamps will be sold only at post offices within the respective states, but they will be good for postage purposes at all post offices which now use United States stamps. The Editor of the stamp column has made arrangements to secure some of these stamps for those of our readers who want them. The stamps will be supplied to you at one cent more each than the face value of the stamp or stamps you order. Do not forget to include return postage when you send in your order.

Collectors the world over will be greatly pleased at the news that Great Britain is to issue a special series of postage stamps, to commemorate the convention of the Universal Postal Union held in London. As all collectors know, the British Post Office has only once before issued a commemorative issue and that was in 1840. Perhaps some of my readers will take issue at this and ask about the Empire Exhibition stamps. I would be inclined to call these special adhesives rather than commemoratives. These stamps will be on sale at the Post Office in Great Britain for a period of only three months.



Dead Country Packet

Contains 18 all different countries which no longer issue stamps. Epirus, Ingomanland, Crete, Prussia, White Russia, Victoria, New South Wales, Western Australia, Queensland, former German Colonies and many others. This packet of stamps from obsolete countries for only 10c to approval applicants.

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Fine triangle stamp; set German stamps with (prowar) value of forty million dollars (interesting); perforation gauge and mme. scale; 1 air-mail set; scarce stamp from smallest republic on earth; 1 newspaper set; packet good stamps from Travancore, Malay, Dutch Indies, etc., etc.—entire outfit for 12c to approval applicants. Nice pocket stockbook, vol. 25c with every order. **ANCHER STAMP CO., Box 126, Rutherford, N. J.**

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(4) Strikingly beautiful Aroona 1928 Independence Commemorative Set of 3 stamps (5) 50 different stamps from 50 different "hard-to-get" countries and many others are contained in my Wonder Packet of 55 different, given FREE to Approval Applicants only, including 4c for postage. **Richard Langrecht, 811 Napoleon St., Valparaiso, Ind.**

WESTERN PHILATELISTS, 6021 Harper Ave., N. 6, CHICAGO

THE MAP PACKET

contains 10 different Map Stamps from the two Hemispheres. Also a packet of different stamps with animals, birds, ships and scenery to approval applicants, all for a dime.

S. E. SAXE, 1427 N. 58th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ABYSSINIA! ALBANIA! ARMENIA!

Also Chad, Cameroun, Congo, Gabon, Tunis, Ubangi, Transvaal, Indo-China, etc., etc. All of these "hard-to-get" countries and many others are contained in my Wonder Packet of 55 different, given FREE to Approval Applicants only, including 4c for postage. **Richard Langrecht, 811 Napoleon St., Valparaiso, Ind.**

75 DIFFERENT foreign stamps, from 20 countries (every continent), stamp hinges, perforation gauge and illustrated album with places for hundreds of stamps for 10c (coin) and 2c stamp, 1000 all diff. 90c, 1000 mixed 30c. **Dept. 130, ARGONAUT STAMP CO., New Canaan, Conn.**

NEW ISSUE Panama Special Delivery

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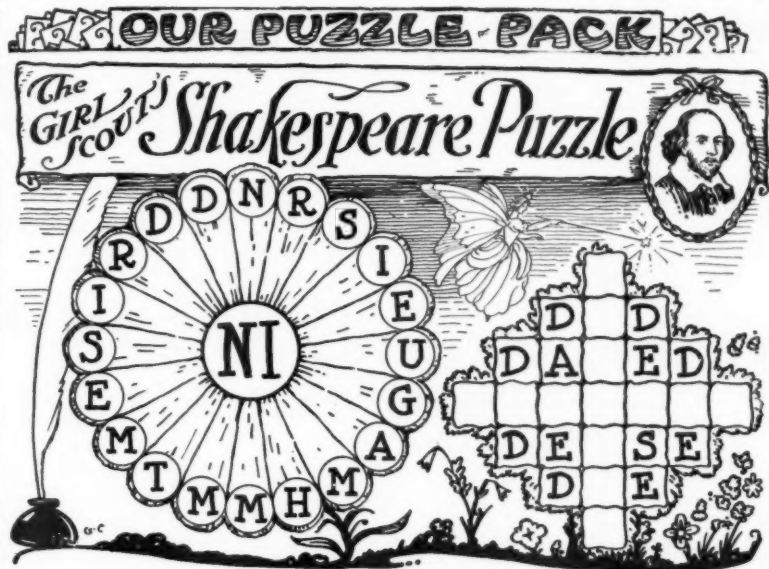
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A Shakespeare Puzzle

Many of the plays and poems written by William Shakespeare are so well known that their titles, at least, should be familiar to every Girl Scout. For our puzzle this month we have selected the title of one of his popular comedies. The daisy-like flower shown above has an odd jumble of letters on its petals. These twenty letters form the title of this Shakespearean play and the two letters in the center are in the exact middle of this title.

Now find a letter which you think is the first one and go around the circle clockwise, skipping two letters each time. In this way you will arrive at the solution to the problem.

The arrangement of letters on the right is a "word diamond." The name of one of the important characters in the play depicted in the daisy should be filled into the empty spaces, both down and across. When this has been correctly done, the other letters will make true words.

An Enigma

I am a well-known line from one of Lowell's poems, and contain twenty-seven letters.

My 24, 25, 2, 11, is an ancient Roman goddess.

My 6, 14, 12, 1, 21, is to adorn.

My 4, 13, 23, 3, is a staff of authority.

My 17, 15, 8, 26, 27, is a river in France.

My 19, 16, 7, 18, are given facts.

My 9, 20, 10, 5, is a frame for holding glass.

My 22 is an important pronoun.

Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square.

1. A pain
2. One who rides
3. To honor highly
4. To absorb
5. To trim with the beak

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, change TEXT into BOOK in seven moves.

Ye Olde Time Riddle

What relation is a doormat to a door?

Curtailed Word

From a word meaning the act of drilling a hole take away a letter and leave a word meaning to fetch. Take away another letter and leave a circle, still another letter less leaves an outfit, and one more taken away leaves the abbreviation of a state's name.

An Acrostic

The first and last letters of the five four-letter words which are defined below will make the names of two English poets.

1. A ridge of earth
2. Long ago
3. A Roman Catholic tribunal
4. To leave out
5. Recent tidings

A Necktie Puzzle



Find a word which, when placed in the vacant space on the bow, by being read twice as you go around the circle, makes the sentence correct.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

A PICTORIAL WORD SQUARE: Trims, Radio, Ideal, Miami, Solid.

AN ENIGMA: The pen is mightier than the sword.

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:
M A R C H
A G I L E
R I V A L
C L A M P
H E L P S

WORD JUMPING: Peru, pert, part, pare, care, cure, cube, Cuba.

AN ACROSTIC: Attic, perdu, river, idler, cocoa, ocean, toast, APRICOT CURRANT.

YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE: Because her hands are where her feet should be.

ADD A LETTER: The eight added letters spell CROMWELL.

PUZZLE SUM: Plant—plan+one+st—nest+kite no—ten=Tokio.

If they are not subscribers, they will be glad to know of it



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A Message
-to-
Girl Scout:

I can't tell you how much it pleases me to see so many Girl Scouts and other outdoor girls taking up Archery. Everywhere I go, I see more and more of you; and you can shoot. Some day one of you is going to be the Champion of the United States or I miss my guess.

Archery is not only heaps of fun, but it is the best exercise in the world for girls. It broadens your shoulders, develops your arms and chest, and trains on what you are doing. It also helps in a social way, because all the leading colleges, summer camps and most of the popular resorts have Archery Ranges today, and if you can step up in front of the target and hit the gold every time, folks will think you are just grand!

Everybody likes an expert, and it's lots easier to become an expert Archer than most people think.

Those of you who haven't tried it are missing something! Learn how as soon as you can, girls, because it is real sport.

Best wishes

Billie Rounsvelle

your Archery Set

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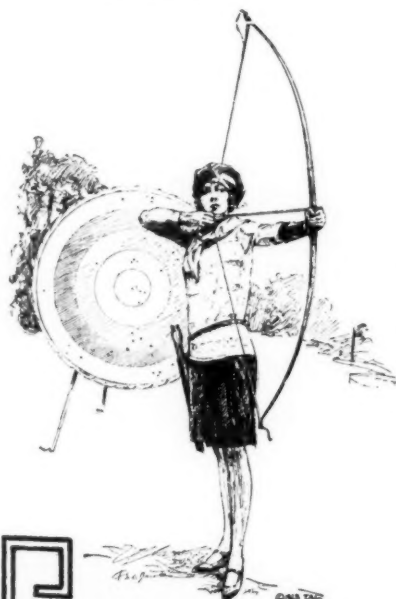
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It's All in Knowing How!



This drawing was copied from an actual photograph of Elizabeth ("Miss Billie") Rounseville; Metropolitan Open Archery Champion, etc. etc.; showing five golds and one red, made from fifty yards.

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